McKean County Miner.

KRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.50 Per Year.

VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1912 NO. 51.

GED RESIDENT OF KEATING TOWNSHIP DEAD

sed Away at Home Near Farmers Valley Thursday Night.

END OF AN HONORABLE CAREER

d Lived in This County Nearly Fifty Years—Was a Native of Scotland —Had Been in Poor Health for Several Years—Funeral Held on Sunday.

ames Donnelly, one of Keating nship's oldest and most highly rected residents passed away at his e on the Farmers Valley road last rsday night, his death being due the ailments incident to old age. had been in poor health for a numof years and his death, although ewhat sudden, was not a surprise his many friends in this vicinity. r. Donnelly was born in Scotland when a young man came to this ntry, locating in Mt. Alton nearly years ago, where he was employas a miner at Bon View for a numof years. About 34 years ago he ved to Potato creek and settled on farm where he resided up to the e of his death. Years ago he foled the lumbering business part of time but of late he has successfollowed the occupation of a far.

r. and Mrs. Donnelly were the pars of a large family, ten children in seven of whom survive with their d mother to deeply mourn the loss a kind and affectionate husband father. The surviving children : William Donnelly, Mrs. Margaret m; A. S. Donnelly, James Donnelly and Clarence, who are located in Oklahoma oil fields; Mrs. Elizah Barton of Ormsby, and Mrs. Ag Palmtr.

r. Donnelly was an honest, upat and big hearted man in every y, who considered it better to give n to receive and all his neighs and friends will unite with his ing family in deeply mourning the s of a good friend and neighbor. he funeral services, which were gely attended, were held Sunday ernoon, the Rev. Luther officiating his remains were laid at rest in ith Hill Cemetery.

COL. NEVIN IS DEAD

ed Away at His Home in Dayton, O., on Monday

Many residents of Smethport will pained to learn of the death of n. R. M. Nevin, of Dayton, O. The lonel and Mrs. Nevin visited their ughter, Mrs. E. H. French here dur; the summer of 1910 and made ny friends during their comparaely short stay. The Colonel was man of particularly pleasing and tertaining personality and always d a story or an experience to tell it kept his acquaintances in good mor. Col. Nevin was 65 years of e and after an unusually successful reer as an attorney was elected to ngress where he served for four nsecutive terms finally withdraw; on account of ill health.

Colonel Nevin has always felt proud the personal friendship of Presint McKinley, which was made earin life and at McKinley's request, speech placing Mr. McKinley in mination for governor of Ohio.

The deceased leaves a wife and ur children, Mrs. French, of Smethrt, Mr. L. K. Nevin, of Dayton, O., rs. Williams, of Dayton, O., who ade an extended visit here a year o, and Hon. Robt. R. Nevin who s candidate for attorney general of hio on the Roosevelt ticket this ar, to all of whom the Miner exends its heartfelt sympathy in their reavement.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadilac five passager car with fore doors and all odern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good runng condition, price $65.00.

One two or four-passenger steamer fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.

ry. Smethport, Pa.

WANTED

Boys at the Berney-Bond Glass factry. tf-Adv.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Reilly Celebrate Fifteenth Anniversary on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Reilly, well-known and highly respected residents of Keating township, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last Saturday at their home on Bush hill with a family dinner which was attended by all of their children.

Mr. O'Reilly is a hardy old gentleman of 85 years, who served 10 years in the regular army before the Civil War and did good service all through that war, after which he came to this place where he and his estimable wife have been honored residents ever since, and today there is not a more pleasant or more companionable couple to meet in the whole county.

Relatives who were in attendance included the following named: Mr. and Mrs. William O'Reilly, Oil City; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. O'Reilly, Coropatis, Pa.; Mr. Chas. O'Reilly, Coropatus, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Barker and daughter Margaret, Corry, Pa., and Mrs. Mary Bisset and son, Merle Bisset.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly received the hearty congratulations of their friends A number of gifts of gold were presented to the venerable couple.

The Miner and a host of friends wish Mr. and Mrs. O'Reilly many more anniversaries and all the pleasures possible in their old age.

MAYO—TILLOTSON

Popular Smethport Young Man Married in the Philippine Islands.

Married in the Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John, Manila, Philippine Islands, Friday, November 1st, 1912, in the presence of a large number of guests, by the Right Reverend Charles H. Brent, Mr. Geoffrey Wainman Mayo, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo, of Smethport, Pa., to Miss Lois Alma Tillotson, daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Tillotson of San Francisco, California.

At the opening notes of the wedding march at eight o'clock p. m., the bridal party entered the church, the bride on the arm of Dr. Goff preceded by the maid of honor, and advanced to the altar, where they were met by the groom and Mr. Graves, his best man, and the solemn and beautiful wedding service was performed.

The bride was attired in a robe of white French liberty satin with square train, the bodice of white silk lace with pearl trimming, a long veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor wore a white Japanese gauze gown embroidered with pink roses and a short pink veil and carried a bouquet of palo pink roses.

The wedding gifts were numerous and very beautiful. Among them were noticed Satsuma vases, a Chinese gong, a very large carved Indian brass tray, a Canton Porcelain salad set, a Japanese tea set, an Indian tray with finger bowls, an Indian brass bowl, embroidered Canton table linen, and many pieces of silver and cut glass.

Immediately following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo left for Antipolo and Baguio, returning to Manila on December 1st, where Mr. Mayo is engaged in Civil Engineering. His friends at home, we are sure will unite in wishing he add his bride a long and happy married life.

OLD MUSKET BACKFIRED

Merle Bisett Had Powder Blown in His Face Last Saturday

Merle Bisett, aged 21 years, of this place had a narrow escape from losing one or both of his eyes while hunting on Bush hill last Saturday. As it is his face is quite badly speckled and he wears a bandage over his right eye. Merle, who is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Reilly, was attending their golden wedding anniversary and after the dinner he, with several of his uncles decided to go out for a hunt. There were not enough modern guns about the place to equip all so Merle took an old muzzle loading army musket and started out. He saw a partridge and when he fired burning powder blew back out of the cap valve and into his face.

He was taken to a physician who made an examination of his eye and picked most of the grains of powder out of his face and eye lids. Luckily the sight of his eyes were not injured and he expects to be able to return to his duties in a few days.

Advertise in The Miner.

A HUNTING ACCIDENT

W. P. Walsh Has His Head Badly Cut While Picking Up a Partridge

W. P. Walsh, manager for the Smethport Water company and a well-known sportsman, met with quite a serious and a very unusual accident while out hunting west of town last Friday, the result of which is a badly cut head, which has kept him in the house for several days.

Mr. Walsh had shot a partridge and was stooping over to pick up the wounded bird when his head came in contact with a sharp knot with such force that a gash about four inches long was cut in the top of his head. The cut bled so profusely that Mr. Walsh was satisfied that an artery had been severed and he started for home immediately. All efforts on his part to stop the flow of blood were in vain and before he reached home he was so weak from the loss of blood that he had much difficulty in getting to his home and when he did finally reach his destination he was completely exhausted.

A physician was called who took up the severed vein and dressed his wound, but he has been so weak from the loss of blood that he has since been confined to the house.

WILLIAM GALLUP INJURED.

Had Index Finger Nearly Severed by Pick Last Saturday.

William, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Gallup, met with a very painful accident last Saturday in which he nearly lost the index finger of his left hand.

William and Paul Carlin, who is about the same age were "prospecting for gold" near their homes on Green street when the accident happened. Paul was wielding a pick and William was watching for the "pay streak" when William saw something that looked like gold to him and reached down to pick it up just as Paul delivered another blow. The sharp point of the pick hit William's index finger between the first and second joints, almost severing that member.

The child hurried home and a doctor was summoned, who found that the bone was entirely severed but enough of the flesh was left intact so that he sewed the finger together and he has hopes of saving that member. Late reports are to the effect that he is getting along nicely and the chances are good for saving the finger.

SECOND ANNUAL CHARITY BALL

Will Be Held at Smethport Lyceum on Thursday Jan. 2, 1913.

The success of Smethport's first Charity Ball, both from a social and financial standpoint, assured it as a permanent institution for our town. The same committee, which managed last year's ball, has undertaken the arrangements for this season, and announce the following as a tentative program.

Moll's celebrated orchestra of Rochester, N. Y., of twelve pieces, with chimes, has been engaged for the evening of January 2d, 1913. Single tickets, for one couple, are to be as last year, at six dollars, extra ladies tickets being two dollars each. A uniform charge of fifty cents will be made for admissions to the gallery. These tickets will be on sale at all drug stores on and after December 20. Everybody is invited.

An early account of all finances will be published, and the proceeds devoted to some worthy charity. A competent decorator has been engaged to beautify the hall, and nothing will be left un-done which might make the evening more enjoyable. The committee will be pleased to have suggestions from anyone interested. Adv.

Notice of Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company for the election of nine directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the offices of the Company, 100 Main St., Smethport, Pa., on Wednesday, Jan. 8th, 1913, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

RALPH E. BURDICK,
Secretary.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 14th, 1912. Adv.

"ESTRAY"

A dark yearling stead colt with white spot on rump left of tail. Any information will be rewarded by J. L. Ovitt, Farmers Valley, Pa. Adv-tf.

PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT TO GO FORWARD.

Enthusiastic Meeting Held in Chicago Last Week.

ROOSEVELT MAKES GREAT SPEECH.

Plans for Campaign Decided Upon and Progressive Measures Will be Urged in State and Nation—There Will be No Compromise With the Republican Party.

The Progressive movement is to go aggressively onward. Standing squarely upon its own platform of declared principles, it will steer a straight course in its fight for human rights.

There are to be no alliances, no compromises. Both the beaten bosses and reactionary big buisness, who have been talking about the "rehabilitation" of the battered remnants of the Republican party and the "getting together" of what they term the two Republican factions, may as well make up their minds to that.

For a new party has indeed been born. That party sounded its trumpet of advance in what was probably the most remarkable conference in this country in Chicago last week. From morning until evening 2000 men and women, representatives of the Progressive party in most of the states of the union, listened to speeches from their leaders, heard plans outlined for the movement's practical perpetuation and demonstrated beyond a doubt that they are in the fight to stay.

It was a wonderful meeting. In the crowd that packed the great assembly hall there was an absence of politicians. The men and women who composed it were representatives of the best American citizenship. They had come, many of them, thousands of miles at their own expense, just before the Christmas holidays, with no election impending and nothing to bring them but the urgent call of humanity. They participated in a program which fit exactly into just that situation.

No Move Toward Compromise

The keynote speech of the gathering was made by Theodore Roosevelt. In its convincing sincerity, its forceful reaffirmation of the principles upon which both he and the party stand and its service of notice that under no circumstances will there be any move toward compromise with what is left of the Republican party, it was one of his best efforts. He made it plain that the fight is against the reactionary machines that control both the old parties. Perhaps the most significant declaration came at the close of his speech, when he said:

"In the matter of leadership, both local and national, we may trust the events of the next year or two to develop our ablest and most resourceful men, and for every position the leader must be chosen, not in the least with references to his own desires, but solely with regards to the needs of the people.

"No man should come into this party with the idea that he can establish a claim upon it. He must be content with the opportunity it offers for service and for sacrifice."

There could have come from his lips no plainer declaration that he himself hold that the cause is greater than the individual. But the place he holds in the affections of the rank and file of the party was clearly shown later in the day, when a burst of heartfelt applause greeted a prediction by the Rev. B. Fay Mills, of Chicago, in a speech that stirred the audience to the depths, that Colonel Roosevelt would be nominated for the presidency and elected in 1916.

Miss Addams Presents Plan

A speech by Senator Joseph Dixon was a ringing declaration that the fight will go on. Jane Addams, of Hull House, one of the most remarkable women in the Progressive cause, presented to the conference a plan of organization for continuing the movement and spreading the Progressive gospel upon a scientific basis, which was prepared by a committee which she headed.

Another plan of organization, outlined at length by Dr. Walter Weyl, of New York, author of "The New Democracy," contemplates a party financed by its own members. In its details, the Weyl plan is almost identical with that upon which the newly formed Progressive League, of Philadelphia, was patterned. It is to group the party members together in each city, town and hamlet in a dues-paying membership—the smaller the dues the better—and then bind these local groups into a state and finally a national organization.

The conference had its intensely dramatic as well as its practical side. There were two incidents of character widely dissimilar, but both emphasizing the unusual quality of the gathering.

Says Judges Should Be in Stripes

One came when Colonel Roosevelt, at the request of the Idaho Progressives, gave a brief account of the manner in which the courts of that state deprived the Progressives of representation upon the ballot. That decision kept Idaho out of the Progressive column.

Then he called upon J. H. Gibson, who was Progressive state chairman.

"I am not a public speaker," Gibson said, and then tightening his jaw declared: "If that court had its just deserts, instead of citing for contempt, the editor of the Ohly paper in the state that had the courage to tell just what the court was doing it would be wearing stripes in the penitentiary."

Gibson sat down apparently without the slightest concern as to what the court may do to him when he goes back home.

The other incident was of the sort to pull at the heartstrings. Late one afternoon, just before the conference closed, Senator Dixon called a handsome gray-haired woman to the platform and presented her as Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott, of Providence, R. I. She was recognized as the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Elliott was the woman leader of Rhode Island, and she told of the wonderful work done by the women of that state in the raising of campaign funds. She herself was the dramatic fire, and she finished a tribute to the work of the women she told of her mother greeting her one morning shortly before her death and saying:

"I have had such a wonderful vision. In that vision I saw the men and women of this country working together in the cause of righteousness."

"That vision has come to pass," declared Mrs. Elliott, and then, as she left the platform, some one seized a flag from the wall and, waving it, began the stirring strains of the "Battle Hymn." More than 1000 voices rang in the swelling chorus and their were few dry voices.

Col. Roosevelt's Speech

Theodore Roosevelt delivered a wonderful speech, as follows:

"To the members of the national committee and to the men and women of the Progressive party throughout the nation:

"We have fought a great fight. We have accomplished more in ninety days than ever any other party in our history accomplished in such a length of time. We have forced all parties and candidates to give at least lip service to Progressive principles. In this brief campaign we have overthrown the powerful and corrupt machine that betrayed and strangled the Republican party.

"Some day the honest men and women who make up the rank and file of the Republican party will realize the full iniquity of which the men were guilty who in the Republican convention of June last, by deliberate political theft, wrenched the control of the party of reaction, and gave it into the absolute control of the bosses. These men preferred to see the party destroyed rather than see it made once more what it was in the days of Lincoln. Their purpose was at all costs to perpetuate the rule of privilege, political privilege, within the party.

(Continued on Page 4)

The Clarion State Normal School Extending its Work

At the beginning of the winter term the State Normal School at Clarion will add to its faculty a new director for Music and a new director for Physical Training for girls. It offers a two year course for High School graduates, a one year course for those who have attended college for one or more years for those who desire to specialize.

If you are interested write at once for room reservation and catalog to Harry M. Shafer, Principal, Clarion, Pa. Adv.

Oleomargarine for sale at Mrs. P. H. McAdams, East Smethport. tf-Adv

F. E. HOFFMAN KILLED

Struck by a Train Near Mt. Jewett Last Saturday Night

F. E. Hoffman, employed by the United Natural Gas company at Halsey, Pa., was killed by the cars near Mt. Jewett some time during Saturday night. His remains were found strewn along the B., R. & P. railroad tracks Sunday morning. Coroner Sherman, of this city, was notified.

The body was mangled frightfully. After falling under the wheels, the man apparently was dragged half a mile. The remains were found element in front of the station at Griffiths but from the condition of the trunks and road bed, the conclusion was reached that Hoffman fell from the train at a point half mile south of Mt. Jewett, which is abut a mile from Griffiths.

Coroner Sherman learned that Hoffman was in Mt. Jewett Saturday. He visited a furniture store there selected $110 worth of furniture and was soon to commence keeping house at Halsey, Pa. He had been employed at the Halsey plant of the United Gas company only about a month. In his pockets were a number of letters, one from his wife dated at De Young, Pa., in which the latter appeared greatly pleased to learn that she and her baby were soon to join Mr. Hoffman and live at a point near his work. A number of Christmas cards were also found. A leather pocketbook in which were some bills, had been run over by the car wheels and so crushed that the paper money was in pieces.

Hoffman was spoken of as a first class workman and was held in high esteem by his employers. He was about 30 years of age and leaves besides his wife and nine-months-old baby at De Young, Pa., his parents who live in Warren.—Bradford Era.

"THE LONSOME PINE"

At The Smethport Lyceum, Saturday, Evening, December 21st.

Plays have been written and played for centuries but nothing has ever been written that appeals to the public of more intense interest than has "The Lonsome Pine."

Bert Mosher, the producer and owner of many attractions had the good fortune to discover that in Roy La Mar's writings there was good food for him to branch out and open dramatic production. The result was that Roy La Mar is now considered one of the brightest coming American play writers. Mr. La Mar will appear there personally in "The Lonesome Pine" with a well balanced cast including Glo Giffin, Bob Robertson and many others. "The Lonesome Pine" is considered one of the best western drama devoid of all the wild west acting that usually goes with such plays, but instead brings out the beautiful side of a life of a happy ranchman, whose heart full of love and tenderness for his neighbors leaves an everlasting remembrance of what kindness can do when brought to bear at all times.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told and as Bert Mosher's Lonesome Pine has had the seal of approval stamped upon it that the management wishes to state that at no period in his career has he presented so complete a production nor has a play been so well cast that is pure and sweet and sentiment and brimful of wholesome comedy play so unstudied and faultlessly arranged that its success is not depended upon Melodramatic action. "The Lonsome Pine" will appear here Saturday Dec. 21st, for one night only and the first time at popular prices. Adv.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK

The Miner Will Take its Annual Holiday Vacation.

According to our usual custom, The Miner will not be issued next week, so we take this occasion to wish all our patrons and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with the promise that our next issue on January 2, 1913, will be fully up to the standard of the past, and if possible we will improve The Miner during the coming year.

In a way we dislike to skip an issue, but printers are only human beings after all, and when they have worked pretty steadily for 51 weeks in a year they like to take it a little easy during the holidays.

PICTURE FRAMES & MOULDING.

Oval frames in assorted sizes and new mouldings. Good work. GEO. ALCOCK, East Smethport. 1t-Adv.

Christmas Bells

They Turned the Course of a Man's Life

By F. A. MITCHEL

The other day I heard a man say in a bored tone of voice: "Christmas is coming round again, and we've got to endure the usual Christmas racket, I suppose." The man of family must make a hole in his bank account, and the bachelor must stick to his club, for if he makes visits on his women friends they ask to be excused from seeing him because they're working hard preparing for Christmas. They're all making things which take up a lot of time and which they can buy at the stores for a few cents each. If the bachelor tries to solace himself with a magazine or his newspaper Christmas stares him in the face in big letters. He goes out on to the street and sees no end of Salvation Army Santa Clauses ringing their everlasting bells. I'm always sorry when Christmas is coming and glad when it has passed."

If that man's whole life had been turned from bad to good by Christmas, as mine was at a critical period, he wouldn't talk that way. Christmas, I admit, is not the gladsome season to me it is to many others. It is a solemn season, a season for thankfulness, remembering, as I do, what it did for me. I never hear the bells that usher in the day that I don't feel a great awe at what I escaped and a great comfort at what I gained on one memorable Christmas.

I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth. No, indeed. I used one made of baser metal and, though it would hold plenty of food, there was very little food to put in it. But, notwithstanding the poverty in which I was born, I was a dreamy child, constantly building castles for the future which my imagination made all the more beautiful in contrast with my miserable surroundings.

At seven years of age I lost all help from others and was obliged to rely solely on myself. Would that I could obliterate all remembrance of those days of suffering when I was selling newspapers by day and sleeping anywhere I could find a place to sleep in by night. My imaginative disposition rendered me unfit for work that was distasteful to me, and I made little for food, clothing and shelter. But I learned to read, and with reading I picked up writing and other bits of education. One thing astonished my comrade gamins. With a piece of chalk I could draw pictures on a flagstone that were very like the objects I represented. What surprised them most was that my dogs ran, my horses galloped, my men walked. As for my policemen, they actually hustled their prisoners to the station.

The gifts of the poet and the artist do not enable them to feed and clothe themselves, except in rare instances, and I as a child not only failed to derive any benefit from my talent, but it indicated an impractical disposition. When I came to be eighteen years old I was more than impracticable. I was not a worker; I was considered lazy, but I was not lazy; I simply could not force myself to work at that in which I did not take an interest. During a season when I got a chance to attend night school I showed myself to be one of the best scholars in the class.

When I was on the threshold of manhood I was in despair. I have not the heart to dwell on the sufferings that led me to join the criminal class. I will only say that one day before a Christmas, while passing before a house into which boxes and bundles were being carried, I looked in through the windows on which evergreen wreaths were hanging and could see a Christmas tree at one end of a room where blazed an open coal fire. The sight of so much comfort maddened me, hungry and ragged as I was, with no hope for my future. It occurred to me that if I could get into that house and carry away some of the articles being taken into it I might sell them for money with which to buy something to eat.

While I was thinking of this the front door opened, and a little boy about five years old came out with his nurse. He was bundled up in a fur coat, fur cap and mittens and was being taken out for a walk. The nurse was a tidy girl sixteen or seventeen years old and as she passed me looked at my rags, then up into my disconsolate face, and a pitying expression came into her features.

I reasoned myself into the delusion that this prosperous family would not miss one piece of silver that would enable me to buy a good meal and that I would steal this once and never again. That same night when all in the family were in bed I went around the house. Trying the windows, and, finding them all locked, I took a knife out of my pocket with one broken blade in it and, cutting away the putty before a pain of glass, removed it and, reaching in, turned the catch. Then, cautiously raising the sash, I went in on the ground floor.

I found myself in the kitchen. There was enough light coming from street lamps outside to enable me to move about without stumbling, and I passed through a pantry to the dining room. I tried to find a piece of silver on the sideboard, but none was there, and the drawers had been locked. I passed out into a hall, and a dim light above told me that probably the gas had been turned low on the upper floor. I went up there and found some of the bedroom doors open. In one room into which the lowered gas jet threw a faint light I could see a child's crib. I went on tiptoe to the open door and recognized the child I had seen leaving the house that same afternoon.

He looked mighty pretty lying asleep, one arm under his cheek and his chubby little fists doubled up. At the other end of the room was a bed, in which, I supposed, his nurse was sleeping. One Christmas present had been given him, and he had taken it to bed with him. It was a tin horn. It made me wince, for if he should wake up and catch sight of me it would be a fine medium with which to arouse the house.

Suddenly a clock without began to strike, and bells all over the city were ringing in Christmas day. I should have thought of my critical position, but instead I was impressed with the ringing of the bells. The most solemn thing in the world is a tolling bell, and the most gladsome is the sound of bells ringing for some joyful event. I was standing listening to the merry jangle when the boy began to stir in his crib, opened his eyes and listened intently. He had evidently been aroused by the bells. Then he sat up and, seizing his horn, began to blow a blast that should have caused me to beat a hasty retreat. But it didn't. The bells without and the horn within were so typical of Christmas that in my appreciation of the ushering in of the day I forgot that I stood, as it were, at the door of a prison cell. I heard a chuckle in one of the rooms and a man's voice call out:

"Merry Christmas, Benny! Now, go to sleep again and give Santa Claus a chance to come down the chimney and fill your stocking."

But the boy's mother couldn't keep away from him, and the first thing I knew a woman in her nightdress came through the hall. I started downstairs, but was too late. She gave the alarm. A man sprang into the hall and before I had reached the lower story seized me. He was big and strong, while I, weak from want of food, was unable to resist.

The horror of my situation did not affect me as one would suppose it would. A jail hasn't the terror for one who cannot feed himself that it has for one who doesn't know deprivation. I resigned myself to my fate. The man, seeing that there was little to fear from me, took me into his library and turned on the lights. Then he stood looking at me. The Christmas bells were still ringing without, and it seemed to me that they were a deterring influence upon my captor to turning a fellow being on this blessed morning over to the police. However, he mastered his repugnance and started to a telephone when in walked Benny in his nightie. He stood looking at me for a moment, then said:

"Oh, I thought you was Santa Claus!"

"Run back upstairs, sonny," said the man.

"Who is he, papa?"

"One who stole into the house to take your Christmas gifts from you."

The little fellow looked very sober. "What are you going to do with him?" he asked of his father.

"Send him to jail."

"And he won't have any Christmas!"

"No. Wicked persons don't deserve to have any Christmas."

"I've never had a Christmas," I said despairingly, "but thus far I've never spent one in jail. I am starving and came in here to get something I could sell so that I might buy a meal."

The man looked at me inquiringly. Perhaps there was sincerity in my face that moved him.

"Your first burglary?" he asked.

"I have never stolen a penny in my life."

No great time had thus far passed since I was discovered, and the bells were still ringing. They were beating against this man's heart.

"You can go," he said presently.

"And, papa," put in Benny, "can't I give him some of my Christmas gifts?"

"Time enough for that tomorrow," replied the father, then to me, "If you'll come here about noon I'll have a talk with you and see if I can do anything to help you."

"Can't he have a part of our Christmas dinner?" asked Benny.

To this the father paid no attention, but, opening the front door, told me to go forth, saying to me as I passed out: "If you're sincere you'll come back tomorrow; if you're a hardened criminal I shall probably never see you again. Go before those bells stop ringing."

"Goodby!" cried Benny. "Come to dinner."

I did return to dinner, and I found a friend. He dared not at once trust me in his house, but he gave me a position as porter in his place of business. It was not long before he discovered that I possessed a gift more enduring than any that could be given at Christmas—my artistic faculty—and he sent me to an art school to study. That was years ago, and I am now prominent in my profession. Benny is a young man and comes often to my studio. We are strong friends. I tell him that he saved more than my life. Hanging to the wall of my artist's den is the tin horn which waked his parents on Christmas morning and led to my regeneration.

But the Christmas bells. I have heard them many a time since they awakened in me a conscience, quickened the spirit of mercy in the man I had come to rob and snatched me from the life of a criminal. No matter where I am on Christmas morning, how tired and sleepy, whether sick or well, I am awake before the dawn listening for them. And never do I hear them but my heart is filled with the blessed influence of the child who came on an errand of mercy to all men.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE RACE.

Natural evolution and the evolution of the art and science of medicine run on different lines. Nature is lavish in the production of life and prodigal in its destruction. Her efforts are directed to the improvement of the species. She cares nothing for the individuals except to adapt them to the environment. This spells elimination of the unfit, and thus we get the survival of those best suited to their surroundings, producing a vigorous, intellectual and self reliant race. Medicine, on the other hand, has been evolved for the benefit of individuals. It does not deal with the unborn, but devotes attention to the living. Medical men exist for the benefit of the public, not the public for the advantage of the profession. The interests of the public and of the profession run on parallel lines; hence both are apt to take a narrow view of man's position in nature. We have successfully interfered with the selective death rate which nature employs in eliminating the unfit, but we have made no serious attempt to establish a selective birth rate or to prevent the race from being continued by the least worthy citizens. The same maudlin sentimentality which often pervades the public not infrequently affects the medical profession. We have often joined forces with the self constituted moralists in denouncing the falling birth rate and have called out for quantity regardless of quality.—Sir James Barr, President British Medical Association.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of the free, heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soul beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—Joseph Rodman Drake.

PHYSIOLOGICAL STUDY OF MANKIND.

To get the best results in the grading of mental and physical conditions of the individual we should study them physiologically. Development of children may now be determined automatically. The bony structure of the body progresses with comparative regularity, the development of the wrists being a fair test of the entire framework. We should take X ray pictures of the wrists of children to determine their physical fitness both for school and labor. Efforts of parents to put their immature children at work is pernicious, and falsification of their age may be determined scientifically. — Professor Thomas N. Rotch of Harvard.

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

IDLENESS.

There is no dearer lover of lost hours
Than I.
I can be idler than the idlest flowers,
More idly lie
Than noonday lilies languidly afloat
And water pillowed in a windless moat.
And I can be
Stiller than some gray stone
That hath no motion known.
It seems to me
That my still idleness doth make my own
All magic gifts of joy's simplicity.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

MARRIAGE VERSUS A CAREER.

Should a woman choose marriage or success? What we have to get into our heads is that love is the great central fact of marriage. The tendency has been to confuse the nonessentials with the essential. But there is no conflict between love and a woman's work, even if it is the work of a genius. The struggle when it exists comes between two different sorts of labor—her chosen field and housework. But a woman can love a man and make him an excellent wife without wishing to be his cook.—Mary Austin.

THE UNDERWOOD CHRISTMAS

It Involved Three Parties

By EMMA BRADLEY

John Underwood stood looking out of the window of a room over a store in the town of Four Bridges. He had rented the room of the storekeeper and put in it a bed, a washstand and a chair, and there he lived, when not at work, a lonely life. He was a surveyor and, having finished a job of laying out the boundaries of a farm during the snowing, had eaten his noon meal and gone to his room to get away as best he could with the time for the greater part of two days. Tomorrow would be Christmas, and it would not be convenient to begin another work till the day after, because he must be assisted by others, and those others would not work on Christmas day.

Large snowflakes were lazily falling, and there is nothing that will excite the spirit of reminiscence more quickly than slowly circling snow. It soothes rather than excites our fancies, and to John Underwood it brought thoughts sweet, but melancholy. Through the flakes he saw a happy home of a year before. He was putting up a Christmas tree, driving nails into the supports, while his children danced about with the decorations intended for it, scarcely able to wait for him to finish his work. His wife was in the kitchen preparing for the next day's Christmas dinner, which was expected to comprise more savory dishes than ever before.

John Underwood saw his little tots in their nighties hanging up their stockings, little Johnny poking a

TAKING OFF HIS OVERCOAT, HE PUT IT ABOUT HER.

broomstick up the chimney to make sure that there was no obstruction to prevent Santa Claus from getting down with the gifts; then they all hopped into bed, and the father took it upon himself on this particular evening to tuck them in, and half an hour later, when they were asleep, he and his wife got out the toys and other articles that had been accumulating for weeks and had been locked in a trunk in the garret, where the children could not possibly find them, and stuffed them into the stockings, taking care to fill out the toes of each with a big orange or apple.

Morning came, though it was still dark, when John Underwood heard a whispering from the children's room and gathered that Johnny and Lucy were conferring as to whether Santa Claus had yet been round and whether if he hadn't they might meet him coming and scare him away if they got up to see. This was followed by a silence—children are always investigating something when they are still—and at last there were joyful shouts as the little ones fell to emptying their well filled stockings.

And the dinner. Never had John Underwood eaten a dinner that had tasted so good. Two pairs of knives and forks were rattling on each side of the table, and four little mouths were taking in the turkey and the cranberry sauce, and when the children asked for another and another helping their mother exclaimed, "Bless me, what appetites you have!" and lastly, when the sweets came on, she declared that they would all be sick the next day and Dr. Pusley would have to be called in, as he was the day after the last Christmas.

John Underwood sighed.

Then John Underwood bethought himself that his children at least would not have the merry Christmas they had enjoyed the year before. They would have gifts in plenty, but young as they were they would miss something. They would miss him. And his wife—how would she take his absence on this blessed Christmas day? Would she be thinking, as he was, of what Christmas had been to them before they had quarreled? It was natural that she should think of this and consider it a deprivation, a misfortune. It was a calamity that she had brought upon herself. Does not the sacred book say that a man must leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife? And how can he do that unless his wife leaves father and mother and cleaves unto him? His wife's family had striven to prevent the marriage and since the wedding had treated him with contempt. He would not go to their abode, but they came to him—to see his wife, not him, and to influence her against him. Then he had forbidden them to come. His wife said they should come and that she would go to see them. Perhaps this was natural, but every man must be master of his own house. Since he could not be he had left it. What a pity that a household should be broken up by such a cause!

He had been much disappointed at his wife's course. He had waited for her to take what he considered proper action in the matter, and when he found that she would not he had taken action himself. He had forbidden her to go to see her family.

When John Underwood came to this feature of his meditations he winced. Had he not demanded that which was not natural? Suppose his Lucy should grow up and marry a man who forbade her to visit Johnny and Willie and the baby. What would he think of that man?

The thought turned the current of his meditations into another channel. After all, had he a right to forbid his wife to visit her relatives? Perhaps, since they were obnoxious to him, he had a right to forbid them his house, but it was another thing to forbid her to visit them. This doubt as to the naturalness, the wisdom, of his course caused a pang. So long as he had felt that he was right he could endure the consequences of his act. But this picture of his injustice that thrust itself in upon him was a grip fastened upon his heart. And the more he thought about it the tighter the grip.

An impulse came to him to go home, confess his error, and he, his wife and his children could enjoy their Christmas as before the separation. He was turning to take up his hat and coat and carry out this purpose when he stopped short. What would be the use? The wrangle would go on as before. Never mind that. He had taken a position which was wrong, and he could not rest until he had repudiated it. Yes; he would go up and propose a compromise—that his wife might visit her family whenever she chose, but that they should remain away from his house.

The distance to his house was several miles. He had made half of it when through the still falling flakes he saw a woman's figure coming toward him. When she came closer he saw that she was his wife.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To see you. I have a compromise to propose, in order that you, I and the children may enjoy this blessed Christmas."

"And I was going to you for the same purpose."

"What have you to propose?"

"I was wrong to forbid you to visit your relatives. You may go whenever you like."

"No; it would be wrong to go where you cannot go. I will not go to see them unless they need me."

"Do as you please about that. I am ready to go home with you."

They turned and walked homeward. John Underwood noticed that his wife's cloak was thin. She was shivering. Taking off his overcoat, he put it about her. This necessitated his inclosing her in his arms. She looked up in his face with an expression he had not seen there in a long while. He kissed her.

When they reached their home they saw Mrs. Underwood's father coming out of the gate. He seemed much surprised to see husband and wife together.

"How is this?" he asked.

"I was wrong," said John Underwood, "to forbid Ellen to visit her own flesh and blood."

"And I was wrong," said the wife, "to go where John cannot go."

"We are all wrong," said the third person in the group. "We are about to celebrate the birth of our Lord in a state of disobedience to his commands. He has told us, 'First be reconciled to your brother, then lay your gift upon the altar.' I came to invite you, my daughter, and through you your husband to eat your Christmas dinner with us this year, and I have the promise of each member of my family that you shall both be made welcome."

John Underwood entered his home with not only a temporary but a permanent load lifted from his shoulders. He took each of his children in his arms in turn, and there was not one of them, except the baby, but clung to him, refusing to be parted.

It was late that night when Mrs. Underwood telephoned to her parents that their invitation was accepted.

When the chimes on Christmas morning called the worshipers together John and Mrs. Underwood were watching their children greedily dive down into their stockings, throwing aside each article taken out in their eagerness to explore what remained. During the forenoon it seemed to all of them that the dove of the Holy Spirit had descended upon the household and brought with it a blessed peace.

When John Underwood and his family reached the house where he had been invited to dinner he received a gift from each member of the family and had the satisfaction of seeing on his wife's plate at the dinner table a check for her marriage portion that had been withheld at the time of her marriage. And so it was that these three different parties were turned from war to peace by the influence of the Christ Child who was born on Christmas morning.

Professional Cards.

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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy, its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer
We are pleasantly located in our new building on Water Street, where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
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in a satisfactory manner.

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New York Counts,
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STRONG
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MANTLES AND GLOBES
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I carry everything in that line at all prices.
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FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
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There is no substitute for
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No other Baking Powder judged on *quality* and *cost* gives such general satisfaction. Try it.
¼ lb. 5c.—½ lb. 10c.—1 lb. 20c.
All good Grocers sell it or will get it for you.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Merry Christmas.

—Only four more shopping days until Christmas.

—Read H. W. Rubin's advertisement in this issue.

—Help Santa Claus reach every poor family in town.

—Pennsylvania crude oil reached he $2 mark last Saturday.

—Read Masser & Gregory's Christmas advertisement in this issue.

—The Victrola concert given in St. Luke's parish house last Thursday evening was well attended and was a success in every way.

—Only a few more days in which to buy RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS. You owe it to yourselves to help perpetuate Bon Air Sanatorium. This is your opportunity. We want to make it a banner year. Buy a few.

—The annual Christmas sale and supper of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist church, held on Thursday, was a great success, both socially and financially. Fancy work, aprons and candy were sold and an excellent chicken supper served.

—At Braddock, Pa., on Saturday four people were injured, one is missing and many people are made homeless by reason of a fire believed to have been of incendiary origin. It destroyed nearly a whole block of buildings. The fire originated in Barley Levenson's livery stable. Several residences and other buildings were burned. The loss is $65,000.

—This year promises to be a banner year in the sale of RED CROSS SEALS. Local agents are calling for additional supplies of seals and letters are coming into the office in Bradford from business men announcing that they are using the seals on the backs of all letters sent out during the month. Everybody seems interested in the fight against tuberculosis and everybody should buy seals.

—John O. Keeler, a Clearfield man who a few months ago murdered Joseph Roessner, a brewer of that town, has been sentenced to be hanged. Judge Smith, of Clearfield, refused to grant a new trial, after a jury had found Keeler guilty of murder in the first degree. If Keeler should receive the death penalty he will be the first man to go the gallows in Clearfield county within the past decade.

—The Bradford Era says: Saturday night at midnight, the deep well at Derrick City was 4,510 feet in depth and the drill was working in a formation of pure rock salt. The saline formation was encountered at 4,490 feet and it is posible that a thick layer of salt may be passed before the drill again strikes a new formation. Experts claim that the formataions are about what might be expected before reaching the Medina sand.

—Bruce H. Matson, a well-known Bradford young man died at the Hotel Lafayette, Buffalo, last Saturday, he cause of his death being pneumonia. He was a son of the late Hon. Byron Matson and was 27 years of age. He is survived by his wife and one son, Myron, his mother Mrs. Bertha Matson and one brother, C. S. Matson all of Bradford. The funeral services were held in Bradford on Monday.

—One of the handsomest, as well as one of the most instructive calendars we have seen for this year, is that sent out by the White & Wickoff Manufacturing Company, Manufacturers of "Autocrat" and Exclusive Correspondence Stationery, Holyoke, Mass. The large type, the featuring of holidays and notable days of the year, in three-color process printing, makes the calendar a most desirable one. A calendar will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or U. S. stamps.

—Refused a warrant by several Berwick justices of the peace for the arrest of "Nick" Baron, 30 years old and single, whom he alleged he had caught in incriminating circumstances with his wife, Alexander Drizbiniak, a Slav, 30 years old, returned to his home in West Berwick Monday night, and, taking the law into his own hands, murdered Baron. With a blacksmith's hammer he literally battered the back of Baron's head into a pulp, and then, with his wife and three-year-old son made his escape.

—The Rev. Edward J. Rengel, of St. Mary's of the Angels' Roman Catholic parish in Olean on Sunday night announced to a congregation that filled the edifice that $50,000 had been pledged toward the construction of a new and beautiful church to supplant the present one as a result of his ten days' canvass among the people of his parish. The new church will cost $100,000. Bishop Colton has decided that the new church will stand on the side of the old which will be moved immediately after the holidays to the vacant lot so that the site will be cleared for work as soon as the frost is out of the ground and before snow flies again the new church will be under cover and the interior work can go on during the next winter.

—When the will of the late Celestia C. Stanton was probated in Franklin last week it was found that among other bequests this lady had remembered the Grand View Sanatorium with a bequest of $1000. Grand View Sanatorium is a tuberculosis camp that has recently been combined with Bon Air Sanatorium, both being under the management of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League, the League being reorganized and made one of the strongest in the United States in the fight against tuberculosis. The present capacity of the two institutions is eighty beds and during the next year over 250 sufferers will be treated by this society. This donation will be of material help to the work.

THE HOME

Paper Read by Mrs. M. E. G. Ventres, Port Allegany, at the McKean County Pomona Grange, Held at Eldred, Dec. 4

The Bible refers many times to the home as an individual earthly possession.

It also speaks of one's home in a future state, or after death. In Ecclesiastic 10:5 it reads, "Man goeth to his long home."

Webster's dictionary has many definitions of the word home, yet the summing up of them all is condensed in extracts taken from the word of God, testifying that alive or dead each has a home.

What that home shall be we must decide for ourselves. Whether we shall dwell in unlovely surroundings and be content with vice, ignorance and corruption or rise to the mount of transfiguration freed from all that degrades one, we ourselves must decide.

We seem to be born into an existence where right and wrong are constantly warring with each other; where the pure and good and the impure and evil are constantly clashing, and where love of self is greater than love for our neighbor, and we find it easier to drift with the tide rather than to row up stream; but as we overcome or are overcome of self desire we meet success or failure.

It is very important that we master ourselves, for by our acts, and the words of our mouth do we publish to the world what kind of a man or woman we are. Many a boy or girl from unlovely, unkept homes, whose surroundings were untidy and free from every thing beautiful, have had the tenor of their lives entirely changed by a cleaning up of the street and yards surrounding their homes and the planting of flowers and shrubbery where such had never before grown. It has been said that the people of whole neighborhoods have been thoroughly transformed from dirty, vicious, quarreling men and women, to tidy, thrifty, ambitious citizens by street cleaning, and vacant lot planting as carried on by some of our large cities. A certain ideal seems to be born within the heart of each living person. Some have so high an ideal it is difficult to attain, others do not place their ideal on so high a plan as they are capable of attaining.

Water will not rise higher than its level, neither will a town, county or state rise higher than its inhabitants.

When the writer spent her first winter in Pennsylvania it seemed to her that the highest ideal of the home builders were to have as many disconnected buildings on the farm or lot as possible, yet the pump and the wood remained uncovered; each building being placed as far from the house as possible to give as much exercise for their women as they plodded from one building to another through the hot sun, rain or snow for their household supplies or gather their pail of water or to churn the butter in the milkhouse some distance from the home, with seldom any walk save the muddy ground.

The excuse for so many disconnected buildings was the rate of insurance was less, being so many detached buildings was far more than if under one cover and far exceed the rate of insurance, and that the rate of fires in farm houses and villages was exceedingly small and that the added comfort of having the water coming to the kitchen through a cool cellar where the milkroom could be built and the outbuildings if united by a covered walk built right angle with each other which could be so constructed that in case of fire they could be disconnected as easily as is the low vestibules now so much in use.

The writer also noticed with so much sadness of heart, which has never been relieved, even to the present time, that the highest ideal of the male population, for they and they only are responsible, was to have thousands and thousands of ugly, iron bound things, large in the middle and smaller at either end, filled with a home destroying evil, placed all over the state, till in McKean county alone there are 36 lawful places especially to receive them and their kin.

They still worship this god above wife, children, lands and home, yea even the better home beyond, for they give up all these by worshiping at its shrine. When the men of Pennsylvania have arisen to the higher altitude of caring more for their sons and daughters than they now do for the contents of the beer-keg, then, and then only will Pennsylvania abound in happy homes, and the children now dreaming of their future homes realize them.

My childhoods ideal home was a pretty, convenient 16-room house, connected with a 50-ft. shed for the housing of winter fuel, which was dry wood that connected at right angles with a covered and sided alley way or walk leading to the carriage house containing the necessary outbuildings The main floor of which being used to house from 50 to 75 head of sheep and the remainder for carriages, the hay loft above, and the hogs in the basement. The barns being a short distance in the rear. All the buildings were kept well shingled, sided and painted, and set in the midst of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, with grapes, raspberries, strawberries, currants and other small fruit to be had for the picking, with water in the house and barn, and boys and girls to climb the trees to gather the fruit, or to vie with one another who should be the first to gather the early pears and apples dropped during the night.

In the barnyard the sheep would answer to their names, and old Speckle, Top-not, and Red Wing, and Black Beauty and all the others were not gone when their eggs were removed from beneath them, and the cows would say moo and some of you when called by their names, and Dooter, the old horse, and Gypsy, the colt, would come to the fence to be petted, and flower beds here and there, and a croquet ground and music and books and the distance from the church and store was not so far but a short side walk would take you to both, yet far enough from the home to keep the young people from going to every train that came in, and walking the streets afterwards, and where no saloons were open 18 of the 24 hours.

In such a home the first 23 years of my life were spent, and such a home I had planned for my future, but "mice and men go aft a-glee" the old saying is and one's plans are often frustrated, and that is one reason why one should make the home they can possess the very best place on earth. Strive to make others in the home happy and added happiness will come to you. Strive to blot out every thing in your community and state that will drag your loved ones down and you will have done much to make your state an ideal state, and your home the ideal home. Set no example you would be ashamed to have others to follow, and you will have a model home in this world and be sure of a better one in the life beyond.

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All your Upholstering and Repairing of

OLD FURNITURE

Putting in new rounds, rockers, painting and paperhanging. Old frames made to look like new, in short, all kinds of painting and repairing done in the latest and most approved styles.

J. H. WILSON

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SAT. DEC. 21

MOSHIER & LaMARR
Offer the Great American Comedy Drama.

The LONESOME PINE"

By ROY LaMARR

SEE

The Lonesome in the Moonlight.
The Beautiful Water Falls.
The valley of "Tiresias" and Rising Sun.
The Silver Moon and his Smile.
The Cave of Gold.

All Beautiful Special Scenery and Wonderful Effects. A Guaranteed Attraction!

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRICES
25c. 35c and 50c.

We are Ready for Christmas

With a most comprehensive stock of useful and sensible Gifts for Men and Boys. Our stock of Clothing, Hats, Furnishings and Baggage have many exclusive styles from the best makers in this country and abroad.

We advise an early inspection of our Holiday Goods. Choosing from unbroken stocks is always more satisfactory and besides it is better than waiting until the last minute to make your purchases. You can get better service, makes shopping easier for you and easier for the clerks.

We will be pleased to lay aside anything you may select until Christmas time.

Do not forget that we have our big sale going yet on Men's Suits. We save you from $3 to $9 on a suit. Worth saving this time of the year, don't you think?

Ike Simons
54 MAIN ST.

OFFICIAL NOTICE

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa.
No. 190 June Term, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that the First and Final account of J. W. Lee, Committee in Lunacy of T. Dupont Dunlap, has this day been filed in the office of the Prothonotary and confirmed nisi, and will be presented absolute on Tuesday, January 14, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., if no objections are filed in the meantime.

E. V. STANTON,
Prothonotary.

Smethport, Pa., December 17, 1912.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the Estate of Minnie Lyman late of the Township of Otto, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County, Pa. upon the Estate of Minnie Lyman late of Otto township in said County, deceased to Sheridan Gordon of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., and all persons who are indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment without delay and all persons who have lawful claims against the same are required to make the same known without delay to the undersigned.

SHERIDAN GORDON,
St. Administrator.
November 18th, 1912. Smethport, Pa.

A. T. Palmer

Livery, Feed, Sale and Boarding Stable

Carriages furnished for all occasions.

SMETHPORT, PA.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

The Grange National Bank

Smethport . . . Pa.

will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

Merry Xmas

Here are a few of the extra things you ought to have to make that dinner what it ought to be

PLUM PUDDING.
VEGETABLES in glass.
(Something New)
FILLED FIGS.
FILLED DATES.
(In Glass)
ORANGES.
MIXED NUTS.
MIXED CANDY.

Booth and Wuest Chocolates in Xmas Packages.

THE
COLEGROVE GROCERY
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

Mrs. B. E. Curtis, Treasurer

DEBIT.

To amount Grange Bank last Auditor's report	$ 373.03
To amount received from Collector Farley	3947.46
To amount received from State Highway	241.50
To amount received from County Treas. unseated land, road fund	1669.32
To amount received from Cooley Creek Road fund	437.82
To amount received from Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.	2600.96
To amount borrowed from said fund to pay on road fund to 1917 bonds	330.88 $11099.46

CREDIT.

By amt. paid for Labor	$1859.17
By amt. paid for Team Work	1884.14
By amt. paid for Stones and gravel rail	3406.18
By amt. paid for Debt and Interest	1681.87
By amt. paid for Bond and Interest	1940.00
By amt. paid for Pathmaster C. E. Curtis	217.00
By amt. paid for Pathmaster C. W. Stratton	202.00
By amt. paid for Pathmaster H. E. McKean	260.80
By amt. paid for Secretary's Salary Stratton	115.46
By amt. paid for Hardware	208.19
By amt. paid for Repairs on Bridges	114.80
By amt. paid for Freight and Material	90.96
By amt. paid for Printing and Auditing	94.48
By amt. paid for Wide tire wagons	98.74
By amt. paid for Water troughs	72.00
By amt. paid for Snow fence	30.00
By amt. paid for Supervisor's expense	39.90
By amt. paid for Supervisor's mowing days	63.00
By amt. paid for Attorney fees	34.84
By amt. paid for postage	16.00
By amt. paid for Sign boards	12.68
By Balance in Hamlin Bank	208.33 $11099.46

Liabilities Outstanding Bonds	$1500.00	
Liabilities Outstanding Orders	60.50	
Liabilities borrowed of Hamlin Bank	2620.93	$4181.43
Resources amt. due from Collector Farley	$2353.96	
Balance in Hamlin Bank	208.33	
Liabilities excess of Resources to balance	1317.07	$4181.43

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of Mrs. B. E. Curtis, Treasurer of Keating Township Road Fund, do find them as stated above.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
F. L. CONNER,
WM. TANNER,
Auditors.

EXECUTORS NOTICE

Letters testamentary on the estate of Carl Sasse, late of the Borough of Smethport, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and all persons having claims or demands against the same will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated for settlement.

W. F. SPECHT,
Executor.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 18, 1912.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

BRADFORD, PA
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 494

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE
everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our
TEAS AND COFFEES
retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

INSURANCE

LI FIRE AND
CIDENT
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.
In Good Reliable Companies

EMIL THAMM
Manufacturer of
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Local reading notices and legal advertising, 7½ cents per line for each insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $3.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY E. MILLER, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1912.

The Progressives of Bradford organized a permanent Washington Party Club last night. The meeting was well attended and was a success in every way.

Herman Steinberg, 17 years old, who is alleged to have declared that he was going over to New Jersey and shoot President-elect Wilson, was arrested in New York, and held without bail. A loaded revolver was found in his pocket.

The youth was standing in front of a police station shivering in the cold, when a detective questioned him. "This is not a fit country to live in," he declared, according to the detective. "It's no place for me to work. I can't go back to Russia, so I would rather go to jail, but I would like to shoot Wilson and my boss and all the judges first." The detective searched him and took the revolver away, arresting him on a charge of violating the Sullivan law, which prohibits the carrying of dangerous weapons.

Whitelaw Reid, American Ambassador to Great Britain since 1905, died at his London residence, Dorchester House, shortly after noon on Sunday from pulmonary oedema. White Reid was in his 76th year having been born October 27, 1837, in Xenia, Ohio. He became a newspaper writer at an early period of his life and never broke off his connection with the public press. He was editor-in-chief of the New York Tribune for many years and afterward became proprietor of that journal. In the meantime however, his career had been a varied one. He served in the first campaigns of the Civil War in 1861, and then as war correspondent in which capacity he was present at many of the impartial battles. At one time he was librarian of the House of Representatives; at another he was a cotton planter in Louisiana. Later in life he went into the diplomatic service and was sent to France as United States minister in 1889, remaining until 1892. He came back to the United States to run as the Republican candidate for vice president on the ticket with President Harrison. Some years later in 1897, he was sent as special ambassador to Great Britain to attend the celebration of the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria. His next important work was as special commissioner to the Paris conference which negotiated peace between the United States and Spain. In 1902 he was again appointed special ambassador to Great Britain for the coronation of King Edward VII, with whom he was always on the most friendly terms. He was chosen in March, 1903, United States ambassador to Great Britain in succession to Joseph H. Choate.

PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT TO GO FORWARD.

(Continued from Page 1.)

"The men who took part in, profited by or condoned and indorsed the theft of the Chicago convention should never again be trusted by men who believe in honesty. Their action differed from the ordinary crime of the ordinary ballot-box stuffer or crooked election official, only as the action of the great corrupt financier who swindles on a gigantic scale just within the law differs from the crime of the poor wretch who steals because he is in want. The theft of the Chicago convention can be defended only by the type of corporation lawyer whose business it is to advise big financiers how to violate the law in wholesale fashion with impunity.

To Drive Out Big Bosses.

"The big politicians, financiers and corporation lawyers and their hangers-on, such as the college presidents of the 'little-brother-to-the-rich' type, asserted and perhaps believed that they were acting in the interests of conservatism. They most urgently need to learn that sitting on the safety valve is not the right way to prevent revolutions.

"We stand for every principle set forth in our platform. We stand for the purging of the roll of American public life by driving out of politics the the big bosses who thwart the popular will who rely on corruption as a political instrument, and who serve the cause of privilege.

"But the function of the new party is not limited to securing the enactment of the measures advocated in the new party's platform and the retirement of a few bosses. Our purpose is to keep up a continuous campaign for social government by the people and for the people.

"Such a campaign cannot be adequately done by any party which is partly reactionary, and at their best both of the old parties are partly and they are usually dominantly reactionary. Just as in the days of Jefferson, the Democratic was the progressive party and in the days of Lincoln the Republican was the progressive party, but in both of them now the machinery is in the hands of the representatives of reaction.

"Our function is to bring about the needed realignment of political parties along national and national lines. Substantially the old parties are but wings of the same party of reaction and privilege. There is now no national definite difference between them. They are two organizations maintained to secure special privileges and benefits. Ultimately all the progressives who still cling to the two old parties will have to come with us in order to effect the needed improvements in political conditions, in the efficiency of government and in financial and industrial standards.

Party Funds from Party Voters.

"I believe that political parties should be controlled by and be paid for so far as possible, by the actual men and women who vote at elections. I do not insist upon any absolute equality in campaign gifts, and I am willing that the party should take the large campaign contribution, if honestly offered without condition or reservation on exactly the same terms and in exactly the same spirit as the small contribution. The real test of such gifts to a political party is the motive, not the size.

"The broader, however, we make the basis of our dues-paying membership and the larger we make the number of our contributors, the better it is for the Progressive party and for political morality in general. I therefore urge upon the national committee the study of the entire subject of party finance with the idea of preparing the way for the democratization of the party support.

"The immediate work for our party is to establish the principles of our platform by appropriate legislation in the nation and in the several states. In the national legislature Progressive senators and congressmen should at once push the various Progressive proposals, not only those affecting labor, but that affecting the trusts. The old parties are committed to the continuance of the present policy, which as a great trust magnate has said, is to allow the eggs to be scrambled, and then after the damage has been done to proceed by a law suit lasting several years to try partly to unscramble them. Our proposal is definite.

I quote from the language I used in the campaign, including my final statement on November 2:

Trust Proposal Quoted.

"'Our proposal is to create a commission like the interstate commerce commission, and through this commission to supervise the big industrial concerns doing interstate business, just as the government now supervises railroads and banks. We will thereby prevent thuggs from being scrambled, and, if necessary, going to the length of appointing a receiver, as in the case of delinquent banks.

"'The antitrust law will remain on the books, and it will be strengthened by prohibiting agreements to divide territory or limit output, by putting a stop to stock watering, by prohibiting a refusal to sell to customers who buy from business rivals; by prohibiting the custom of selling below cost in certain areas while maintaining higher prices in other areas, by prohibiting the use of the power of transportation to aid or injure special business concerns—in short, by prohibiting these and all other unfair trade practices. The interstate industrial commission will give us an efficient instrument for seeing that the law is carried out in the letter and in spirit, and for effectively punishing not only every corporation, but every individual who violates the provisions of the law.'

"I trust that the Progressive senators and congressmen at Washington will get together and push this and all other proposals of the Progressive party. I hope moreover, that each group of Progressive members-elect of the legislatures of the several states will meet and plan united action upon the organization of their respective assemblies, upon the candidates for the United States senate, and upon proposed legislation. The direct primary plan should be universally applied. We should support legislation that will carry out our principles regardless of what party may introduce it in the several states. Similar action should be taken by all Progressive public officials such as county commissioners, members of boards of supervisors, etc.

"Immediate steps should be taken in each state to begin the educational campaign upon our social and economic program. Every law proposed in the social and industrial plank of of our platform should be pressed; and other cognate laws, such as the endowment of widowed mothers. Our people should expound our policies in the schoolhouses, and before the granges, as well as in the great industrial centers.

"There is no problem whose successful solution is fraught with greater returns, in the line of citizenship, as well as in material results, than the problems of rural life. These include better farm methods, better rural schools, better roads, better farm financing, more economical methods of marketing and better farm life conditions for the men, women and children on whose welfare and success the progress and prosperity of the nation depend. In these problems and those of social and industrial justice is also of the cost of living, although this will also be in part helped by our treatment of the trusts.

"Better and permanent farming methods will come quickest through the field demonstration plan, on the farmer's own land, following the plan inaugurated by Dr. S. A. Knapp, of the department of agriculture ten years ago. This plan is now being taken up all over the country and the federal and state and county authorities should give it financial building up both soil and crop yields.

"Farm financing should now receive the consideration it deserves. It is based on and will grow out of these improved farm methods. It will be interesting to note with what success our farmers will take up or adopt the European co-operative financing system of the Raiffeisen type.

"The greatest field for farmers' co-operation will be in marketing their product which process now costs them and the consumer dearly. The prompt-est and largest measure of financial aid would come from mortgage banks chartered, regulated and carefully supervised by the government, operating on the method of the credit foncier of France. This plan gives the farmer long time loans of 30 to 50 years with the arrangement that a small annual payment amounting to 7 or 8 percent would automatically amortize or wipe out the entire debt at the end of the term. The borrowed money would be used largely for creative purposes and the easy payments would permit part of the farm income to be used for conservation and the general advantage of the farm and family, removing the pressure of the large and burdensome payments of short-time mortgages and the fear of foreclosure. Our whole financial system needs a thorough rearrangement.

"The number of tenants is rapidly growing. This is not good. Provision should be made to aid and increase the number of farm home owners for these make for a better agriculture and a stronger nation.

'Divine Right of Judges' Ignoble.

"Our people and especially our Progressive members, must keep in mind that the Progressive party is by its platform committed to the doctrine that these measures we advocate are to become part of the law of the land, provided that we can get the people to stand for them. If legislature, executive or court stands in the way, then in lawful and orderly fashion and along the lines laid down in the National Progressive platform, we intend to see that the will of the people is carried out, and that judge, legislator and executive officer alike do their full part in thus carrying out the will of the people.

"No party which denies to the people the right to obtain justice, as we Progressives proprose, when the courts interpret the Constitution so as to enthrone injustice, has the right to claim credit for sincerity in any effort to work for industrial and social justice. All other measures are useless if we permit a body which is not responsible to the people to have the final say as to whether the people shall or shall not in their laws do complete social and industrial justice. The doctrine of the divine right of judges to rule the people is every whit as ignoble as the doctrine of the divine right of kings; and this doctrine is now chiefly and powerfully upheld by the legal and financial representatives of privilege.

"We believe that the American people has about made up its mind that it is to be master within its own house, and that its representatives are in good faith to represent it and not to attempt to impose their wills upon it against its will. We hold with Abraham Lincoln that the people, acting deliberately and through the forms of law are master over the courts as they are master over legislature and senate, or governor and president.

"We also hold with Abraham Lincoln and we and we only are the heirs of Lincoln's principles—that the people are the masters of the Constitution. We believe in the Constitution, and for that very reason we contemptuously thrust aside the efforts of the reactionaries to turn it into a fetish for the obstruction of justice. This Constitution was created to secure justice and we refuse to allow it to be so perverted as to become a barrier between the people and justice.

Conservatives Like Slave Advocates.

"Every proposal we have made for applying and adapting the Constitution to our present needs is a proposal to save the Constitution by making it a more efficient instrument for securing justice for all the people. The so-called conservations who object to our methods of applying the Constitution stand on an exact level with their predecessors, the so-called conservatives of fifty years ago, the men who passed the thirteenth amendment on the ground that the "old Constitution" was good enough for them. Fifty years ago the 'conservatives' championed a view of the Constitution which perpetuated chattel slavery for black men; the corresponding 'conservatives' of to-day champion an interpretation of the Constitution which perpetuates industrial slavery for white women and children.

"The men who fight such proposals as we have made to secure justice when the courts do injustice are as emphatically the apostles of reaction as were the men who fifty years ago defended the Dred Scott decision by the Supreme Court and sought to prevent the prohibition of slavery by the Constitution.

Favor Bristow Amendments.

"I believe that the Progressive party, and all good citizens and all believers in genuine popular rule, should heartily support the proposed constitutional amendments recently introduced by Senator Bristow to secure to the people of the United States proper control of their own government. These amendments embody the fundamentals of the Progressive position on popular rule. If adopted in principle they will secure the right to appeal to the people of the country when important legislation is blocked by adroit political manipulation and the right of the people, after due deliberation, and without unnecessary and longdrawn delay and procrastination, to make, and to interpret the purpose of their own constitution.

"The adoption of these Bristow amendments, including that providing for the direct election of United States senators, will make it comparatively easy to secure the passage of desirable laws and to keep them in efficient shape on the statue book.

"In the matter of leadership, both local and national, we may trust the events of the next year or two to develop our ablest and most resourceful men, and for every position the leader must be chosen, not in the least with reference to his own desires, but solely with regard to the needs of the people. No man should come into this party with the idea that he can establish a claim on it; he must be content with the opportunity it offers for service and for sacrifice."

Agency for Ladies Home Journal Patterns

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

396-408 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

All purchases delivered within 100 miles Free of Charge. Railroad fares refunded to out of town customers.

$15.00 COMFORTERS $7.50

AN IDEAL GIFT

A Christmas Special. Beautiful silk satin covered Comforters in many charming colors. These are full bed size and filled with fine white, felted cotton, as light and warm as swan's down.

No handsomer, finer quality Comforters can be had at any price. Order one at once at this special Christmas price, **$7.50.**

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money will be Refunded

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS!

GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

BATH ROBES.
SILK TIES IN BOXES.
KNIT TIES IN BOXES.
INITIAL SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
SILK HOSE.
INTERWOVEN HOSE.
MENS' SHOES.
BOYS' SHOES.
COMBINATION SETS.
SHIRTS.
GLOVES.
SWEATERS.
JERSEYS.
SUITS.
OVERCOATS.

Look at our Large Line of 50c Ties in Christmas Boxes.

H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

CORRECT CHRISTMAS GIFTS

—FOR—

THE WHOLE FAMILY

can be found at

THE BISETT STORE

Smethport, Pa.

BUY EARLY

That will assure you of the best ENGRAVING and the biggest stock to select from.

Engraving Free

ON GOODS BOUGHT AT THIS STORE.

Engstrom & Olson

SMETHPORT, PA.

RESILIO

Is recognized at the greatest substitute for air in automobile tires yet discovered.

It removes all tire troubles and rides as easy as air, as well as doubling the life of your casings.

During the winter season have your tires filled and be ready for the most pleasant year of automobiling in your life—the season of 1913.

For prices and other particulars inquire of

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa

OR

BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,

Sole agents for McKean County.

SANTA CLAUS at WELL'S DRUG STORE

Brand New Stock. Save 25 to 33⅓ per cent. Watch our Window.

Some of the New Up-to-Date Gifts We Offer Are

Jewel Cases	Stationery	Perfumes
Hand Bags [adult and infant]	Post-card Albums	Cigars
Comb and Brush Sets	Music Bags	Hat Brushes
Collar Boxes	Cigar Trays	Portfolios
Cuff Boxes	Ash Trays	Scrap Books
Sewing Boxes	Toilet Sets [ebony stag, etc.]	Paper Knives
Infant Sets	Tourist Sets	Holly Wreaths
Post-card Boxes	Cloth Brush Sets	Cigar Cases
Necktie Boxes	Manicure Sets	Novelty Gift Boxes
Work Boxes	Mirrors	Holly Sprays
Music Rolls	Baby Records	Post-cards
Card Holders	Xmas Garlands	Gift Books

We have bought these right in the Chicago market and will give our patrons the benefit of our low prices. Wait for our display! It will be worth your time and save you money.

WELLS DRUG STORE

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

Advertise in the MINER.

STANDARD PATTERNS NEW MILLINERY

Phone No. 46 if you are in a hurry.

MASSER & GREGORY

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Only a few more days. The real shopping has begun. Assortments are splendidly complete. Let us help you to make Christmas merry and shopping a pleasure, by offering just a few suggestions for your gift selections.

Handkerchiefs	5c to $1.00	Mens' Ties	25c and 50c
Neckwear	25c to 1.00	Shirts	50 and 1.00
Aprons	25c and 50c	Hose	10c to 50c
Waists	1.00 to 3.98	Ash Trays	25c to 1.00
Sweaters	1.98 to 5.00	Umbrellas	75c to 5.00
Hose	10c to 1.50	DOLLS, GAMES AND TOYS, FANCY LINENS, TOWELS, TABLE LINEN SETS, AND LUNCH CLOTHS	
Lockets & Chains	50c to 5.00		
Hat Pins	25c to 2.50		
Toilet Sets	2.98 to 5.00		

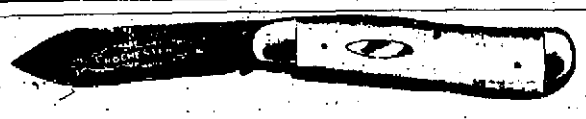
Ladies and Children's Shoes Practical and Acceptable gift that are sure to please, good assortment of Ladies shoes in vici kid, gun metal and patent leather and tan. $3.00 to $4.00.

A GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL To the Most Popular little girl **FREE!**

Have you voted? Is your favorite ahead? Votes are amounting up fast, watch the score card in our window. Contest closes Christmas Eve, at 9:30. Winner may take the prize home Christmas Eve.

This Store Will be Open Evenings Until Christmas.

MASSER & GREGORY
SMETHPORT, PA.



Robeson Shur-Edge Cutlery.

What Makes a better Christmas Present than a piece of "GUARANTEED CUTLERY."

Knives from 25c up.
Razors from $1.50 to $4.00.
Carving sets from $1.50 up.
Also all the leading makes of safety razors.

DALY & GARLICK
HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

McKean County Miner
Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa. as second-class mail matter

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Do your Christmas shopping this week if possible.

—Read Chas. W. Masser's Christmas advertisement on last page.

—V. B. Bouton is confined to his home on Water street with illness.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kohn, on Tuesday, December 17, 1912, a girl.

—Earl Terry, who has been suffering with pneumonia is much improved.

—Don't fail to attend the dance at the Smethport Lyceum, Christmas night.

—Victrolas are advertised by The Burdick Agency & Music Store this week.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Chisholm on Monday, Dec., 16, 1912, a boy.

—Miss May Choate entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Ralph Badger, who has been seriously ill for the past three weeks with pneumonia is much improved.

—Services in the Baptist church by the Rev. R. J. Cunningham. Special Christmas sermon 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

—The Sunday school classes of Mrs. Sarah Richmond and Miss Mae Choate held a successful and well attended penny social in the parish house, Saturday evening.

—The trial of J. Frank Hickey on the charge of murdering Joseph Joseph, the seven-year-old son of Geo. Joseph, of Lackawanna, began in Buffalo on Monday.

—Miss Helen Rogers entertained a few young ladies at the home of her grandfather, H. M. Choate, on King street, on Thursday evening. Delicious refreshments were served.

—The ladies of the Travelers' Club will keep open house at the Club House, January 1st, 1913, from 3 to 5 p. m., all the members, their friends and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

—The Olean Poultry Show is on this week and Col. M. M. Gillette is exhibiting partridge wyandottes and partridge racks and J. W. Waite is exhibiting white orphingtons from this place.

—Don't confine all your gifts to your own relatives and close friends. Give some little thing to the poor child or poor family you know, who will not otherwise receive a visit from Santa Claus.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reed, of Farmers Valley announce the engagement of their daughter Hazel C. to Jacob B. Freer, of Bennewater, N. Y. The wedding will take place in the near future.

—Miss Winifred Roeder, a Baptist missionary in Central China, who was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder, of Farmers Valley, gave a very entertaining and instructive address at the Baptist church last Thursday evening.

—Christmas services will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday. Rev. Elmer S. Beacom, the pastor will preach in the morning on the subject, "God's Christmas Gift," and in the evening on the subject "No Room on the Sun."

—Over fifty friends and neighbors paid a surprise visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarty at their home in East Smethport Thursday evening, it being the occasion of her birthday. Cards furnished the amusement and delicious refreshments were served.

—Last week we neglected to mention that we feasted on venison presented to us by Hon. J. W. Bouton and C. W. Shattuck. It was a delicious cut, thoroughly enjoyed and even though late we tender our thanks to these gentlemen for remembering the editor and family.

—While workmen were making a test of our fire alarm bell with a new striker on Monday, the bell was cracked. It was taken down and returned to the factory where it will be repaired or a new one sent in its stead. With the new striker the bell gave forth a much better sound.

—A special Christmas meeting of the Travelers' Club will be held Saturday, December 21st, at p. m. Every member is urged to be present and to bring a friend. Every one in attendance is requested to bring a pound of something to make glad the hearts and table of the poor in our community.

—The members of the Modern Woodmen Society, who suspended because of the agitation resulting from the change in rates ordered by its supreme governing body are restoring their memberships rapidly. During the month of October there were 16,480 re-instatements from suspension.

—St. Lukes Christmas services on Christmas Eve Tuesday, Dec. 24. Childrens Carol service 7:00 p. m. Children Carol service at All Saint's Chapel East Smethport, Tuesday Dec. 24th at 3 p. m. Christmas day services: Holy Communion at 7:30 a. m., morning prayer 10 a. m. Holy Communion and address 10:30 a. m. Holy Communion at All Saints Chapel East Smethport 9 a. m. Christmas Day.

—A house belonging to Richard Griffin in Irish Hollow, about two miles from this borough, which was occupied by William Leadly and family was totally destroyed by fire at an early hour last Saturday morning. The family barely had time to escape in their night clothes, and everything they had was destroyed. There are five small children in the family, the youngest of whom is only six weeks old, and a subscription paper [illegible] preparing their immediate needs.

—Tuesday's Bradford Era: Bradford lodge, B. P. O. E., initiated 18 new members at its meeting last evening and discussed a choice refection at the close of work. An impromptu program added to the pleasure of the occasion. Among the guests were H. W. Cummins district deputy of Sunbury; Howard Sargeant, past D. D. of Phillipsburg; F. J. Batcher, of Salamanca; A. C. Hilton, of South America; Oliver K. Crowell, of Sunbury, and delegations from Smethport, DuBois, Salamanca and other points.

—"The Lonesome Pine" a gripping story of the western plains will be the offering at the Smethport Lyceum Saturday night, Dec. 21st. This play was written by Roy La Mar and first saw the light last season. It has been a big favorite and has made a tremendouous success, which convinced Bert Mosher that the public like big clean plays, and it is being sent on tour again this season with as strong a cast. It is distinctly a romantic melo drama. The principal character is being played by Gio Griffin, well known to the theatre going public.

—The following peculiar accident is related in the Pittsburgh Dispatch dated Dec. 16: While carrying a steel plate across the mill yard at the Ambridge plant of the American Bridge Company today, Joseph Stedler got within the zone of influence of a powerful magnet that was unloading scrap iron from a freight car. The magnet suddenly drew upward the plate that Stedler had across his shoulders and to which he held tightly. When the workman's feet left the ground he yelled. The man controlling the magnetic current cut out his switch. Stedler dropped and the steel plate fell upon him. He was crushed and died an hour later at the Allegheny General Hospital.

—A quantity of silver that was stolen from the residence of H. E. Crandall, on School street while the burglary epidemic was sweeping over the city a few months ago, was found on Sunday by boys who were skating on a pond near Ice street. The property stolen included silver plate, knives, and forks, tablespoons, teaspoons, souvenir spoons and carving sets. Eight paintings were also removed from their frames and carried away. The robbery was not discovered until the family returned a month later. The property found by the boys on Sunday was in good condition and had evidently been lying in that particular spot but a short time. It was probably placed there by some person who was afraid to keep possession of it any longer.—Bradaford Star-Record.

PERSONAL MENTION

C. D. Comes had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Miss Rachel Mayo was a Bradford visitor last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus are visting in Buffalo this week.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich was a visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Winifred Roeder is visiting friends in Bradford this week.

E. A. Hamilton was a business visitor in Bradford last Tuesday.

Judge Jos. W. Bouton is in Cambria county this week holding court.

Sidney Burdick has returned home from an extended visit to Buffalo.

Mrs. Frank Evans visited Buffalo friends the latter part of last week.

Wesley Roeder is visiting his brother Rodney Roeder at Atwater, O.

F. H. Hungiville had business in Buffalo the latter part of last week.

Harry Jack, of Bradford, was a business visitor in town last Thursday.

C. S. King, of Port Allegany was greeting friends in town yesterday.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton were Buffalo visitors the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Washburn of Coryville were visitors in town last Friday.

Mrs. Scott Walker has returned home from a visit to friends in Port Allegany.

Orlo J. Hamlin and H. H. Redfield went to Buffalo yesterday to attend a meeting of the Mystic Shrine.

Dr. Burg Chadwick was in Buffalo yesterday to attend the meeting of the Mystic Shrine last night.

Mrs. Nell H. Gleason has returned home from a short visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dunsmore more of Reynoldsville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. French and children left yesterday for Dayton, Ohio, to attend the funeral of Col. R. M. Nevin, father of Mrs. French.

John Bender was called to Lancaster, Pa., the latter part of last week on account of the death of his mother.

Mrs. Victor Bouton and Misses Iva Holder, Helen Rogers, and Eva Hoffman were Bradford visitors last Thursday.

Gilbert H. Rue left today for his home in Waynesboro, Pa., where he will be the guest of his mother, Mrs. S. J. Rue for a week. He will also visit friends in Sunbury and Harrisburg, Pa.

Postoffice Department Says Parcels Post Rules Will Be Enforced.

According to the regulations governing the parcels post system, promulgated by Postmaster General Hitchcock, perishable articles may be sent through the mail only under specific regulations as to their containers and the distance they are to be sent. Butter, lard, fresh meats, dressed fowls, fish, vegetables, fruits, berries and similar articles likely quickly to decay may be sent for short distances when securely packed. Eggs will be accepted for local delivery when packed properly in a container, and for any distance when each egg is separately packed in a perfectly secure manner.

No restriction is placed on the mailing of salted, dried, smoked or cured meats, but fresh meat will be transported only within the first zone.

Fragile articles, including millinery, toys, musical instruments and articles of glass in whole or in part, must be securely packed and marked "Fragile."

Articles that may not be sent by parcels post include intoxicating liquors of all kinds; poisons, poisonous animals; insects or reptiles, explosives of every kind; inflamable articles, including matches, infernal machines, pistols, or revolvers, disease germs; and obscene, defamatory or scurrilous matter now prohibited by law, live or dead animals, or birds or live poultry, raw hides or pelts, or anything having a bad odor.

ADVERTISED LETTERS

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending, December 14th, 1912.

Huff, Miss Mildred.
Smith, A. W.
Urscait, Miss Julia.
Caparelli, Sigr Francesco (Foreign)
Emilio, Al Signor Bojsero (Foreign)

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

FOUND!—A SIGNET RING!

Owner may have same by applying to Lawrence Scanlon, Colegrove, Pa., proving property and paying for this notice. Adv.

You don't need the Purse of the rich to buy a serviceable and lasting Xmas gift. Read Montheimer's ad and you'll know the reason why. Adv.

R. E. DIAMENT

SUCCESSORS TO

J. S. McCarthy

Everything in the line of

Fresh Meats
Salt Meats
Oysters and Fish
Canned Goods

Courteous and careful treatment given to all old and new customers.

R. E. DIAMENT,
Smethport, Pa.

We feel that we have a right

To Blow Our Own Horn

because we can convince you as we did many others that our own stock

of Useful Xmas Goods

is by far the best ever shown in this vicinity. And the best part of all is

that you don't need the purse of the Rich Man.

to secure a lasting and serviceable present. A small amount will go a great ways in this store.

FUR CAPS,
SUIT CASES,
COMBINATION SETS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
UMBRELLAS,
JEWELRY,
MUFFLERS,
SHIRTS,
HOSIERY,

and plenty of other things to select from

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns

Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store open evenings from December 9 until Christmas.

Christmas Gifts

Holiday goods are ready for you now—It is with pleasure that we invite you to inspect our new stocks suitable for gift purposes. In the regular lines of Home Furnishings—Mens' Wear and Women and Childrens Furnishings as well as distinctively Holiday merchandise our assortments are considerably larger than we have ever shown before—Our prices are fixed in a way to make shoping here very advantageous—Come expecting to get the most for you money here. You wont be disappointed. Do your buying now while you can make your selections in comfort and get the full measure of satisfaction which is impossible dufing the last days when stocks are depleted and everyone is in a hurry.

Shop in the morning if possible.

Just a few hints of what we have, a complete list would be impossible.

Gifts for Men

Gloves 25c to $4.00, Cravets 25c to 50c, Mufflers 25c to $2.50, Cravat and Hose Sets 50c to $1.50, Umbrellas 50c to $7.75 Handkerchiefs 5c to $1.00, Cuff Buttons 25c to $4.75, Scarf Pins 25c to $2.75, Shaving Sets 50c to $3.50, Brushes 50c to $3.75, Traveling Slippers $2.00, Tie Racks 25c to 70c. Bath Robe Blankets $2.90 to $4.50, Sweater coats $1.00 to $7.50, etc.

Gifts for Women

Gloves 25c to $3.50, Neckwear 25c to $2.75, Hosiery 15c to $1.50, Waists $1.00 to $5.50, Umbrellas 50 to $7.75, Furs $2.50 to $42.50, Fur coats $47.50 to $60.00, Fancy Linens 15c $10.00, Table Linen Sets $8.75, Writing Paper 10c to $2.00, Handkerchief 5c to 50c, Jewel Cases, Vanity Bags, Manicure Sets, etc.

Gifts for Children

Furs $1.50 to $12.50, Mittens 10c to 50c, Handkerchiefs 2c to 25c, Book 5c to 50c, Games 5c to 50, Toys 1.5c to $7.50, Mirror Scopes $2.50 to $7.50, Electrical Toys 75c to $7.50, Stuffed Animal 10c to 1.00, Dolls 1c to 7.50, etc.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT, - - - - PA

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—To Attempt to Sell Them on the Record and Reputation of

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowleged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stmped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

The Home of QUALITY GROCERIES

What Place Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. Especially

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient. until meal time Kids!

Try These, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee. Made in the cup. Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS PLUM PUDDING Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL
PHONE 7

BALLOON No. 7

It Clears Away the Cloud

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Maisie Pomeroy dismissed her pupils and locked the door of the little schoolhouse. It lacked three days of the long vacation, and the last hours of the school year dragged heavily, for June weather was insistently calling. Her homeward walk led along pleasant country lanes and through clover fields intersected with narrow footpaths.

In Maisie's pocket was her last month's salary, and in spite of June weather and the calling bobolink her heart was heavy with disappointment, though her face wore its usual expression of unruffled sweetness. Just the amount of that month's salary would take her to a large summer resort. There she might have two weeks of such enjoyment as she had never known in her monotonous life. She had read of the pleasures of this city by the sea. Some girls whose parents were well to do to spend several months there, and now Ella Shaw had written to say they were going and wished Maisie to join them. It was to be a "Dutch treat," and she knew that meant each girl was to pay her own expenses.

She had not even mentioned the matter to her mother, for she knew that their resources were badly strained this year. There was an uncle who had been bedridden for two years, and they were now maintaining his declining days in the hospital, where he could be best cared for. As Maisie was the only wage earner in their family of two, it was important—prohibitive, rather—that not one penny be wasted.

"If Bloomfield were not so dull," she murmured wistfully. "Ever since I can remember there has never been any unusual happening here. No new families ever move here, and nobody ever marries anybody that lives farther than Fairmount. I don't wonder there are so many maiden ladies in this village!" She smiled as she pushed open the front gate, for there on the front piazza sat her mother, dispensing cake and root beer to five of Bloomfield's spinsters. Some day she, too, would form one of a similar group.

"Lots of news, Maisie," cried Emma Risley as the girl sat down on the top step and sipped a glass of the cool beverage.

"News?" repeated Maisie; then she added quickly: "Oh, you mean the new cupola in front of the town hall? I saw that yesterday."

"No, indeed; that's old! What do you think is going to happen in Bloomfield?" Emma was bursting with importance, and the four other spinsters nodded their heads significantly.

"A—circus?" There were painfully few things that ever had happened in Bloomfield, and Maisie's imagination was starved.

"No, sir! What do you think of balloon races here?" Miss Risley's voice was triumphant.

"Balloon races?" echoed Maisie blankly.

"Ten balloons all starting at once from Cabot's big hayfield!"

"When is it going to be?" asked Maisie.

"In three weeks. The men have been here and looked over the grounds, and the lumber is on the way. All the rooms at the hotel have been engaged for the workmen. You see, I knew about it the first one because I sold a first mortgage on Cabot's big field," explained Emma Risley importantly, "and Joshua Cabot spoke to me about the matter."

When they had chatted themselves away Maisie and her mother sat on the piazza until the sun went down. They talked about the coming of the balloonists and how it had been learned that Bloomfield was chosen because of some special advantage it possessed for the purpose, and everybody said that once the city excursionists saw what a beautiful spot Bloomfield really was there would start an influx of summer boarders and possibly a land boom.

"Mother, dear," half sighed Maisie, "I was complaining this very afternoon of the dullness here, and as I walked home through Cabot's field I was wishing almost anything would happen to break the monotony. Now that something is going to happen I am feeling sorry about the clover fields. They are so beautiful."

Mrs. Pomeroy laughed softly and caressed her daughter's bronze hair. "That's the way with all of us, my dear. I have known for a long time that you were weary of the monotony of your life, and I cannot blame you. When I was a girl somehow we seemed to get more out of life even if we never went away from the village. There were parties every week and socials and spelling classes and skating parties. The winter was always too short for all the good times we had. Nowadays the girls and young men go away to the cities, and those that remain and marry here don't seem to care for the old simple pleasures."

"Perhaps after the balloon races are over we will rejoice in our old time quiet. But somehow I would like to have just a taste of life and pleasure before"— Maisie flushed and bit her lip.

"Before what, dear?"

"I know I'm horrid, mother, but I was going to say before I settled down into a regulation Bloomfield old maid," cried the girl, hiding her face in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Pomeroy smiled indulgently. "You are sure of that, Maisie? Did you tell Walter Avery never to come back to Bloomfield?"

For a long time Maisie was silent. Then she threw up her head and tossed the straying locks from her flushed cheeks. Her brown eyes were very bright.

"I told him things that I am sure he will never forgive," she said slowly. "I said I would never marry a Bloomfield boy and settle down into a humdrum existence. I said I could never think of him seriously; that every time I looked at him he seemed to be the same chubby faced, apple cheeked little boy I went to school with years ago."

"What did Walter say to that?" Mrs. Pomeroy's face was grave, though her brown eyes were shining, too, and they looked much like Maisie's.

"He didn't say anything. He just nodded his head in that awkward way of his and went off. The next I heard he was in New York studying to be a doctor. You know he has never been home since." Maisie's tone was unconsciously wistful.

The days before the great event that was to transform Bloomfield from a sleepy country village into a fashionable rendezvous for a day were filled with preparations for the balloon races. An immense tent and the dahlias in Cabot's field were laid to the ground and grand stands were erected and huge gas tanks put in place. School was ended, and Maisie walked in other directions when she chose to be outdoors. Now, she only remembered Cabot's field as the place where Walter had met her one day and confessed his love among the daisies, which are supposed never to tell lovers' secrets.

Maisie was disturbed by these memories that forced themselves upon her. She did not wish to think of Walter Avery, and she had dismissed him from her mind for four years and resented that she could not banish him from her memory. She felt sure that out there in the big world there was waiting for her an ideal lover, handsome, courtly, polished, rich.

At last came Bloomfield's great day. The road to Cabot's field was black with vehicles of every description. By 10 o'clock every seat in the stands was filled, and the four sides of the great field were lined with carriages, motor cars and farm wagons. Maisie and her mother were there and by good fortune and the kind offices of Emma Risley had secured front row seats in one of the stands. Ten big balloons swayed slowly, tugging at their anchor ropes. There were a smell of escaping gas, the music of a band and the sound of many voices. Maisie found herself enjoying the excitement. If this was life she would like a taste of it!

Emma Risley leaned across Maisie and spoke to Mrs. Pomeroy. "I hear Walter Avery's going up in one of the balloons. You know he's quite an amateur balloonist. Mrs. Avery is worried almost to death about it."

"Ballooning is a dangerous sport," returned Mrs. Pomeroy's calm voice, "but I suppose Walter finds it a relaxation from his professional work."

"I guess he deserves all the fun he gets. They say he worked like a Trojan to get his degree, and now he's to go in partnership with a city doctor." Emma Risley sat back in her seat. "There, they're off, Maisie! I wonder which is Walter's balloon. Let me see your program—No. 7 (that's a lucky number, anyway). Dr. Avery! Isn't that funny? Seems as if I could see Walter as he was when he came to school to me years ago. Think of his being a doctor!"

Maisie was thinking entirely too much for her own good. She was thoroughly frightened at the idea of Walter Avery's ascension in the balloon. She could see No. 7 now. That was Walter, tall, slender, supple of form, his dark hair blowing back from his forehead. He was looking their way. Was he looking at her? She told herself that he could merely see the crowd of white faces; that he could not pick out individuals. Still he stared, and then, just as the anchors were cast adrift and he started up, he waved a handkerchief toward them. Suddenly Maisie's little handkerchief broke into a fluttering signal. The fresh breeze tore it from her hand, and it whirled upward with balloon No. 7.

Walter leaned out, deftly caught the bit of white, tucked it in his breast and amid the cheers of the crowd went up to an altitude that caused hearts to throb and cheeks to pale with apprehension. When the last airship had become a mere speck in the sky the crowd dispersed to other diversions, and Maisie and her mother went home. It would be late in the afternoon before the balloons might be sighted on the return trip, provided they were not driven before adverse winds. Then their return would be uncertain indeed. There was an excellent chance that some of them would never come back.

Maisie Pomeroy never forgot that waiting time. In those hours died all the foolish longing and discontentment that had possessed her. There was only one thing she craved, and that was the life of Walter Avery, whether he loved her now or not. She knew that she loved him.

With the evening came the return of the balloonists, every one safe, Walter Avery winning the second prize, which he did not care a fig for, because a greater prize awaited him in Mrs. Pomeroy's old fashioned garden. Bloomfield is a thriving suburb now, and life there is by no means dull and commonplace. The balloon ground is now a baseball field.

A TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT

A Story of New Year's Day in Old New York

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the good old Dutch town of New Amsterdam, now New York, the custom of New Year's calling had its birth in America.

On New Year's day, 165—, the parlor of Olaffe Van Buskirk, having been thus cleaned, was opened to the citizens of New Amsterdam. In a corner was set a table laden with bread, cheese, cakes and such other eatables as had been made by Frau Van Buskirk herself, while bottles of Schiedam schnapps stood guard over the viands, intimating that no guest should partake of them without first paying his respects to the schnapps.

Now, Lena Van Buskirk, only child of this worthy couple, was at this time the belle of the town, though this was partly due to her being the daughter of (for that time and place) wealthy parents. Her father possessed several acres of ground, being adjacent to the fort and protected from the Indians by its guns. And, as for the possessions of Lena herself, she owned more petticoats than any young woman on Manhattan Island.

As is to be supposed, this wealthy girl was a mark for the matrimonial intentions of every unmarried Dutchman in the place who had not been in jail or otherwise degraded. She had nothing to say as to whom she would marry, her parents retaining that prerogative in themselves. Indeed, among the great number of applicants it was found impossible for either her father or her mother or herself to decide unaided, and it was determined that the three heads should in concert name the acceptable man.

Singularly enough, this plan only complicated matters. The father named Wouter Ten Eyck, the mother Winant

SHE SAW THE MAN OF HER CHOICE ABOUT TO THROW A BALL.

Van Zandt, while Lena had set her heart on Jacobus Hardenbrook. Had the father and mother agreed there is no doubt that Lena would have been obliged to accept the man of their choice. There is also no doubt that the disagreement would have made a life spinster of her had not the approach of New Year's day afforded the mighty genius of Olaffe Van Buskirk an opportunity to solve the problem. With a spark of triumph in his eye he declared that whichever of the three suitors, Jacobus Hardenbrock, Winant Van Zandt or Wouter Ten Eyck, should first call on New Year's day should be his son-in-law.

No New Amsterdam Dutchman ever came to a decision who was ever talked out of that decision. Lena knew this and submitted without a word, and so perfect was her training that there can be no doubt she would have submitted had not her father unfairly attempted to give an advantage to the man of his own choice. This set his wife to try to beat him at his own game, and, the family authority being weakened, Lena herself took a hand in the proceedings.

New Year's day opened bright and beautiful. Olaffe Van Buskirk's house stood exactly where is now the southwest corner of the New York Produce Exchange. The sun shone into the kitchen, glistening on the polished cooking utensils of Frau Van Buskirk and when risen higher circling in the south on the brass headed andirons, poker, tongs and fender which had been polished so highly as to reflect the guns of the fort frowning without. Friends began to call early in the day, and, since the distances between the dwellings were but a few steps and there was plenty to eat and drink no one hurried. The calls were long and the eating and drinking, especially the latter, deep.

Olaffe Van Buskirk, when he got out of bed in the morning, put on several extra pairs of breeches in honor of the day, his Sunday doublet and a clean collar twelve inches broad and starched so stiff that it might have served for a pillory as well as a collar. Having polished the buckles of his shoes and sword belt, he breakfasted and sallied forth to make his calls. Frau Van Buskirk having noticed a speck on a metal platter, removed it and got herself ready to receive visitors, while Lena sat up stiff as a ramrod, her petticoats protecting her from any near approach on the part of any Dutchman who might have imbibed too much schnapps. Whether or no her heart was fluttering with the hope that Jacobus Hardenbrook, the suitor of her choice, would call before the other two, there is no record; for in those days no Dutch girl ever was known to show emotion. The only sign of interest in the matter apparent was her sitting in a window that gave her vision a clear sweep of the north face of the fort, the windmill and the Hudson river. There she sat watching those who approached the house.

It was about 11 o'clock that Cornelius Van Kortlandt appeared. Van Kortlandt's height measured exactly five feet four inches and his girth four feet five inches, as in the case of Governor Van Twiller. He came up the roadway that is now a street between the custom house and the Bowling Green, looking like a bumming top standing upright on its peg, and hammered with the huge brass knocker on the Van Buskirks' front door. A rosy red induced by Holland gin decorated his nose and cheeks, and he was very garrulous. He said that he had been calling at the Onderdonks', where he had met Van Buskirk, who was drinking with Van Zandt, whom it was evident he was trying to put under the table. This information brought a scowl to the brow of Frau Van Buskirk, and Lena gave evidence of being interested. Van Kortlandt passed on to other calls and young Peter Van Corlear took his place at the refreshment table, where he and the lady of the house were alone together. Frau Van Buskirk said to him in a low voice:

"Peter, if you will go to the Onderdonks' and bring Winant Van Zandt here I will throw all my influence to you that you may have our daughter to wife."

Peter put the forefinger of his right hand against his nose to indicate that it was a bargain and left the house.

At the time of this agreement Lena was receiving the call of Carolus Vandergrieft, and she, too, made a bargain. She agreed that if he would find Wouter Ten Eyck and keep him away from the house till set of sun she would marry Carolus, provided her parents would give their consent.

Thus it fell out that Van Buskirk by trying to delay his wife's favorite for their daughter's hand started a contest between himself and his wife and their daughter, each in behalf of the suitor favored. While the father and mother were playing the one to delay, the other to hasten Van Zandt's coming, the daughter was scheming to delay Ten Eyck. Lena knew that so long as her father would continue to put schnapps before Van Zant the young man would yield to no other persuasion. If, therefore, she could delay Ten Eyck quite likely her own choice, Jacobus Hardenbrook, might come along in good time and win her.

Unfortunately for the success of her plan Jacobus took it into his head to have a game of bowls on the bowling green. There was an inn directly opposite, and after every game either beer or schnapps was served, and, though Jacobus was a temperate man, he was exceedingly fond of bowls, and since it was New Year's day was not averse to a small celebration. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when Lena, looking out through a window, saw the man of her choice just about to roll a ball on the bowling green. Throwing up the sash, she cried out to him:

"Jacobus, are you not making calls today?"

"Yes," replied Jacobus. "I am going to begin when I have finished this game of bowls."

"You had better hurry. Our last bottle is on the refreshment table, and there is no more in the cellar."

"I don't care for schnapps," he replied, poising another ball to roll it. "I prefer bowls."

Lena shut down the window, much put out with her lover, whom she did not wish to tell openly of the tripartite agreement between herself and her parents.

It was soon after this that Peter Van Corlear returned and admitted that Van Zant was not to be withdrawn from the Onderdonks, and Carolus Vandergrieft sent word by a negro slave that while he was doing his best to keep Ten Eyck away he feared every moment that he would resume the list of calls he was making and might reach the Van Buskirks at any moment.

From 4 o'clock, when the message came, till sunset the poor girl was doomed to see the man she wanted and who wanted her wasting precious time on the bowling green. When 8 o'clock came she went up to her room and to bed. At half past 8 Jacobus arrived, and in time to win the prize, for neither of the other suitors had appeared. Finding that Lena had gone to bed, he was much disappointed and went away, leaving word that he would make his New Year's call the next evening.

When the next evening came round and he called at the Van Buskirks he was received by Frau Van Buskirk, who told him of the agreement for the previous day and that he had won Lena. But Lena was so angry with him for keeping her in a state of disquietude that she would not have him.

Jacobus pleaded in vain to be forgiven for not leaving the game of bowls when Lena called for him, but it was no use. A Dutch girl is slow to anger, but when aroused is not easily placated. A few years later she married Derrick Van Schemmerhorn.

PROGRASTINATORS

It All Came Out Right

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There goes Eunice Rockwell," remarked Mrs. Porter from her chair behind the honeysuckle vine. "I wonder when she and Noah are going to get married?"

"The land knows!" ejaculated her sister Fanny, craning her neck to watch the girl slowly passing the house. "They've been engaged five years now, and she's had a kitchen shower given her and a linen shower. Seem's as if the tinware would get rusty if they wait much longer."

"What ails Noah anyway?" inquired Mrs. Porter, rocking comfortably to and fro. "He's doing well and making money in the store. Can't be she's putting him off on account of her Aunt Susan."

"I should say not, when she knows Susan is just dying to break up and go to live with Anna and her husband. You know Susan told us the other day that she had a mind to break up anyway and go to Anna's. She's tired of waiting for Eunice to get married."

MILLIE'S SLIM WAIST WAS ENCIRCLED BY NOAH'S ARM.

"It would be just like Susan Rock well to do it, too," said Mrs. Porter.

"I wonder what would become of Eunice then?"

"Susan said her niece could be married from Anna's house just as well as here."

"I don't believe Eunice would go to Anna's."

"Perhaps she'd have to; but, just the same, if Noah Rand was my son I'd just give him a piece of my mind. The idea of keeping a girl waiting five years!" Mrs. Porter watched Eunice Rockwell's slender, erect form until it disappeared through the doorway of Noah Rand's grocery store. "She's gone to Noah's. I wonder what for?" added Mrs. Porter.

Noah Rand asked himself the same question when he saw Eunice enter the store. This was the first time she had ever visited the store since their engagement five years ago, and he thought at once that something must have happened to Aunt Susan Rockwell, with whom Eunice made her home.

"Howdy do, Eunice?" asked Noah, blushing up to the roots of his light hair. "Anything the matter with Aunt Susan?"

"She's quite well," said Eunice, with a queer strained note in her voice. "I just stopped in to say that she's going to the city to live with Anna." She did not look at Noah. Her brown eyes were studying the packages of cereals piled on the shelves.

"Good Lord!" Noah was startled. "When is she going?" he asked blankly.

"Tomorrow morning. I'm on my way to tell Horner to have the stage stop for the 9:24." Eunice still stared at the cereals. Surely, she thought, surely Noah would ask her why Aunt Susan was going, or else he would say something about their being married at once. Eunice had stepped forth from her deep reserve and given him an opening. Would he take the opportunity?

"She hasn't, she isn't packing up?" asked Noah feebly. He knew there was something that he ought to say, that should have been said years ago; but, as he had done before, he put it off until his next visit. Time enough then. He simply couldn't ask Eunice to name their marriage day when his errand boy was sitting in the rear room with one eye on the store.

"She's not breaking up just now," said Eunice coolly. "I shall attend to that after she has gone. I must be going now. There's plenty to do."

"I'll see you tomorrow night, Eunice," said Noah in a relieved tone, although his manner was apologetic.

"Goodby," was Eunice's quiet reply.

"Goodby," said Noah.

Her errand at Horner's accomplished, Eunice Rockwell hurried home, with all her gentle nature stirred to its depths. She was frightened at the white hot anger that filled her heart. She felt that she hated Noah Rand for placing her in such a position. All Little River was looking on and commenting on their needlessly long engagement. Besides, garrulous Aunt Susan only added fuel to the flaming gossip by her open dissatisfaction in the delayed marriage.

It was not until after Aunt Susan had rocked away in the ramshackle stage with her big trunk, balancing her stout form on the other side of the vehicle, that Eunice sat down in the disordered sitting room and asked herself what was to be done about Noah Rand.

A brief summary of her wooing and engagement brought her to the conclusion that neither she nor her lover really cared for each other or there would have been an eagerness on one side or the other to make a home just for themselves. As for herself, Noah Rand had been her first admirer, and she deluded herself with the belief that she loved him. Theirs was one of those long periods of "keeping company," as it is known in Little River, followed at last by an engagement, which was proclaimed by a small moonstone ring on Eunice's slim brown finger. Every Wednesday evening Noah called to see Eunice, and every Sunday afternoon he took her for a drive in his buggy, and afterward he remained to tea and spent the evening.

If Noah's actions were any indications of his feeling for Eunice the girl now concluded that he had come to care as little for her as she did for him. She arose after awhile and went about her duties with bitter resentment in her heart. All day long she brooded over the trouble, and as the hour grew near for Noah's appearance her thoughts bore fruit, in that she put on a white dress and ran across the road to see Millie Wasson.

"Let him knock and knock again," smiled Eunice triumphantly as she stole through the orchard toward the Wasson house. The apple trees were bending under their rosy burden of blossoms, and she paused to let a fragrant branch brush her cheek. Then her heart stood still at the dark shadow which almost touched her in its swift pace.

"Oh!" she cried sharply, and the shadow paused and put out a warm hand that closed around her arm. She stood motionless.

"Who is it?" asked the voice of Bob Wasson, Millie's brother. "You needn't answer. I know. I couldn't help but know, Eunice," he said in a queer voice, and his hand did not relax its hold. To Eunice's terror he drew her closer until his arms infolded her gently.

"Oh, Bob—Bob Wasson, let me go! You have no right," half sobbed Eunice, with a sudden realization that to be in Bob's arms was the most blissful sensation in the world.

"If you were free, Eunice, would you, could you—oh, of course, I know I'm acting like a mean cur, but I've loved you and wanted you ever since I came home and first saw you grown up. But Noah has always had a first mortgage, only he's been so tarnation long about foreclosing that I've been falling deeper and deeper all the time."

"Oh, Bob!" sobbed Eunice in accents which she intended to be reproachful, but only succeeded in making tender.

"Eunice," he cried sharply, "this is no time for quibbling. Before you run the risk of making both yourself and Noah unhappy for life tell me, do you love anybody else—me?" He pressed her cheek to his and was thrilled because she did not resist.

"I thought I had heart disease," quavered Eunice. "I used to feel so funny around my heart. You remember that night when you sang at the concert? You sang 'Because I Love You,' and—and"—

"I was singing to you, dear," whispered Bob tenderly.

The scented apple boughs brushed their young heads and scattered a drift of petals down upon them. A whippoorwill was throbbing his strange song from the old fencepost.

Footsteps swished through the long grass and stopped close beside them, and they lifted startled, guilty faces to see, standing near by and quite unaware of their presence, Millie Wasson and Noah Rand.

Strange to relate, Millie's slim waist was encircled by Noah's arm, and his fair head was bent above her dark one in an unmistakable attitude of tenderness. He had never spoken thus boldly to Eunice Rockwell.

"It's no use, Millie, dear," he was saying. "I asked Eunice to marry me, and I'm not going to throw her over, but I don't see that she cares especially for me, and, although she is the sweetest girl, I can't help loving you best," he groaned dismally.

"Throw her over!" ejaculated the energetic Millie. "If you ever mention such a thing, Noah Rand, I'll never speak to you again. But I don't know. This is very dishonorable, you see, Noah. You go right home and never tempt me again. You belong to Eunice Rockwell, whether she cares for you or not, and I feel the meanest girl in the world."

"Looks a lot as if Eunice cared for Noah, don't it, Pussy?" Bob's quiet voice broke like a bombshell behind the two, and they turned to see Eunice in his arms.

"Wh-a-t!" gasped Noah.

"Oh, how funny!" laughed Millie happily. "Don't you see, Noah, you blind old bat? No wonder neither of you wanted to get married. You're both in love with other people."

"I guess it's all coming out right in the end," grinned Bob Wasson.

"Just like them old fairy stories we used to hear tell about," added Noah as he wandered away hand in hand with Millie.

ECONOMY IN GOOD ROADS.

A Glaring Example Offered by Conditions in Fayette County.

Uniontown, Pa., December [illegible]. Startling are the facts uncovered by a committee of the Association of Fayette County [illegible], appointed to investigate conditions of the highways of this county. The committee, [illegible] H. Umbel has incorporated in his report in his charge to the Grand Jury.

In brief, the report shows that in the past five years the enormous sum of one and one-half million dollars has been expended on the highways of Fayette county—"enough to macadamize every principal highway in the county"—and yet, to quote the Morning Herald, "it is a well known fact that the roads in the county are worse than ever."

[illegible] Pennsylvania [illegible] Superintendent [illegible] good roads for Pennsylvania are pointing to the Fayette County [illegible] illustrating the folly of [illegible] opponents of the proposed [illegible] bond issue which [illegible] State should turn its road money over to the townships to spend.

Judge Umbel, in his charge to the Grand Jury, declares the data collected with reference to the expenditure road money covering the last ten years in Fayette county "is certainly astounding." It shows that the townships alone have levied and collected for roads in the last ten years $2,856,987.83. This does not include the boroughs making a total of taxes collected for road purposes or by the boroughs and townships of Fayette county of $3,816,894.71. In addition the county has expended during the same period in the construction and acquiring of new bridges, which are a part of the highway system, the sum of $436,208.84, and during the same period for the repair of old bridges the sum of $67,412.70, making a total expenditure by the county for bridges of $493,515.04; this added to the amount collected by direct taxation in the townships and boroughs amounts to $4,413,299.75, which has been collected and expended on public roads and bridges in the last ten years. This does not include the amount contributed by the state in building of state roads nor the amount contributed by the state under the Jones Dirt Road Law recently passed, nor does it include any damages paid by the county in the opening of new roads or the pay of road viewers, litigation, etc.

The court urges that a copy of this statement be placed in the hands of every taxpayer and that the citizens be induced to take an interest commensurate with the importance of the matter and see to it that the hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars that are collected for highway purposes are properly and honestly expended."

MACHINE MADE LEGISLATION.

"Machine Made Legislation" is the title of a book sold for $1.00, post paid, by J. B. Millan, Braddock, Pa., dealer. Adv.

[illegible] Governor, Hon. W. [illegible] of the Penn[illegible] evening Hon. [illegible] after [illegible] have been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

At Which a Gentleman Played a Unique Part

By F. A. MITCHEL

I lived at my club, rooming and eating there, for I was a bachelor, twenty-five years old, with no other home. Roger was my especial waiter in the club dining hall, and by tips and other wise I secured his good will. One day at noon I went into a second class restaurant for luncheon, and, who should step up to serve me but Roger. He looked much put out at meeting me there and without waiting for me to say anything begged me not to report the fact to the club management, since he was supposed to serve that institution alone. "I have a large family," he said, "and since the club is uptown few members lunch there, so I have the noon hour to myself and can earn something here."

I promised to keep his secret and while lunching asked him if he earned anything beyond what he was paid at the club. He replied that he sometimes assisted at dinner parties when not needed at the club, adding: "Next week Christmas comes, sir. There's very few dining at the club on Christmas day. I'm to wait at a private house."

My only invitation to a Christmas dinner was at the home of an aunt of mine, an old lady, very deaf, and no young persons in her family. I had made an excuse to decline it. I was consequently one of "the few" who would dine at the club. The club restaurant was solemn enough at any time to its habitues, and its loneliness on Christmas day was enough to drive

"I WOULD LIKE TO ENGAGE YOU PERMANENTLY."

any member dining there into matrimony with any woman short of a gorgon.

"Where are you going to wait on Christmas, Roger?" I asked.

"At Mr. Pepper's, on Montague avenue, sir."

"I don't know the Peppers."

"They haven't been in the city long, sir."

An idea came into my head for a lark—an expedient whereby I might enjoy seeing persons at a joyful Christmas dinner without being one of the diners.

"Roger," I said, "could you get me a job as waiter at that dinner?"

Roger was too astounded to reply, so I went on: "Take me with you and tell them I'm a friend of yours who is anxious to learn how to wait on the 'quality,' and you have brought me as your assistant. Say I'm not to be paid anything."

"Why, sir," replied Roger, "you'd give yourself away directly."

"Not a bit of it. I once played the part of butler in private theatricals and got a lot of applause. Do you think you could manage it?"

"Of course I can take you as my assistant, and no charge."

"Well, I'll think it over and let you know at breakfast at the club on Christmas morning."

I was not unknown in social circles; but, these Peppers being new to the city, I could count on their not knowing me. Christmas morning was lowering and I felt that the day would be very depressing to me. I told Roger at breakfast that I had decided to carry out my scheme for waiting and, taking my dinner at 5 o'clock, was ready to go with him at 6 to Mr. Pepper's. I wore a discarded dress suit, but rather too good for the purpose.

Roger took me into the house through the servants' entrance in the rear, and I felt to assisting in serving the dinner, which was nearly ready. Following Roger into the dining room, he bearing a tureen of soup, I a bottle of wine, we found the hostess there, putting cards on the plates, bearing the names of the guests. She looked surprised at seeing me, but Roger told her the story about my wishing to learn to wait under his supervision, and the lady seemed quite pleased at the addition to the serving force.

When the guests entered the dining room in coming I stood with my back to the wall, stiff as a ramrod, a napkin on my left arm and looking straight ahead of me to give the appearance of being there to serve and be oblivious to all else, as a good waiter should. Until the company were seated I kept my eyes fixed on the wall opposite, and when I ventured then to begin my duties I encountered the gaze of a young lady fixed upon me. As soon as I looked at her she turned her eyes in an other direction and chatted with her dinner companion. I heard her addressed as Miss Phipps, and one of the ladies spoke to her as Lucy.

Phipps, Phipps? Where had I heard that name? When its owner was not looking at me I studied her face, but could not remember to have seen her before. At times I was terrified lest she suspected that I was a gentleman, but at others she ignored my presence so completely that I felt assured she was as much deceived as the others, none of whom paid any more attention to me than if I had been a waiter all my life, a circumstance that I did not consider flattering.

I confessed that I enjoyed that Christmas dinner very much. I took in all the good things that were said, and there were a number of them, especially Miss Phipps, who was remarkably bright. The only reason why I should have liked to be one of the circle was that I envied her dinner companion.

I was about to take my departure, regretting that I could not assume my own personality, join the party, tell them what fun I had had in listening to their chat and observing their manners, when Roger handed me some glasses containing pousse cafe and told me to take them into the company. I told him that I thought I wouldn't go further with the freak, but when he informed me that the hostess had requested that I bring in the liquor I concluded that it would be better to obey the order, though I wondered why I especially had been called upon. So I took up the tray and proceeded to the drawing room. I noticed as I entered that most of the guests were looking at me. Mr. Pepper, a genial man with a bald head and mutton chop whiskers, beckoned me to set the tray on a table near which he was sitting and when I had done so said to me:

"I understand from Roger that you have waited on us to learn the business. I wish to say to you that you are the best waiter I have ever seen. I would like to engage you permanently."

There was a singular look in his face when he said this, while the guests ceased chattering and listened.

"Thank you, sir," I replied. "You are very good, sir. But I don't think I'm quite up to the work yet."

"What's your name?"

"Charles, sir."

"Do you know—how to dance, Charles?"

"Dance? No, sir."

"Well, I expect you'll have to try. There are just fifteen of us, and we're going to dance the lancers. We're just one man short."

Every one arose, a couple of musicians were called in, and the men chose their partners. Miss Phipps was the odd lady who was left out.

Had something occurred to reveal my secret, or had these persons, being short of a man to make up a set and noticing my respectable appearance, called me in to help them out? I must wait and see. I marched up to Miss Phipps, made as awkward a bow as I could contrive and led her on to the floor.

In order to carry out my part as waiter I made no end of mistakes. I invariably at "swing corners" turned to the wrong lady and in the grand chain got the dancers all mixed up. For a time they refrained from laughing at me, and I gathered confidence that they were ignorant of my identity. This encouraged me to make more blunders, and one by one they gave way to laughter till the whole company was in a roar. When the dance was ended, with assumed confusion and without taking my partner to a seat, I was making for the door when the host called out sternly:

"Charles!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you going?"

"I was going home, sir. I have a wife and seven small children waiting for me, sir."

The burst of laughter that followed this excuse removed all doubt that I was known for what I was. Miss Phipps advanced and put out her hand.

"You are not very complimentary," she said, "having once made love to me and then forgotten me."

"I made love to you?"

"Yes—on the mimic stage. Some years ago you took the part of butler in private theatricals, and I played housemaid. The byplay was between us, you trying to win me from the coachman."

Then for the first time I recalled her. Since my prank was discovered there was nothing to do but confess, and since the host and hostess would not permit me to decline an invitation to join them in what remained of the Christmas festivities I consented and for the rest of the evening found myself the center of attraction. I was obliged to recount the circumstances that led me to play the part of waiter at a Christmas dinner to every one I conversed with. Before the evening was finished I voted it the Christmas of my life. I made intimate friends of the host and hostess and retained the acquaintance of nearly all their guests. When the next Christmas came round I had left my quarters at the club and gone into a house of my own. There I entertained every one of the diners I had served the year before, and the hostess on the occasion was Mrs. Lucy Phipps, with m' - for a third name.

RESTORED ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

By ALBERT KENYON

"You must get well for Christmas," said Ethel.

"Why especially for Christmas?"

"Think what a welcome gift your recovery would be to Mildred."

I made no reply to this for a few moments. I was thinking. Mildred was my betrothed. Ethel was a girl my mother had taken in through charity some years before. At my death she would be unprovided for, because my property was left me in trust for my children.

"Yes," I said presently, "my being out of danger on Christmas day would be a gift to Mildred in another way than the one you mean. If I get well her future is provided for. If I die she must look elsewhere for an estate."

"I am sure," said Ethel, "that she thinks only of having you spared to

SHE GAVE A LOW CRY.

her. Besides, you know that she has an income of her own sufficient to keep the wolf from the door."

"You haven't anything, and by the terms of my father's will I am unable to provide for you."

"You are only too good to wish to do so. I am sure you would make some provision for me if you could. But I know that is impossible."

I was so weak that even this bit of conversation was too much for me. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them Ethel was bending over me, fear and agony depicted in every feature of her face. But I was too ill to be more than momentarily impressed with her anxiety on my account. I lost power to move or articulate. But I could see and hear as distinctly as ever.

Ethel ran out of the room and returned with everybody in the house. Some one said, "He is dead." Another said, "Get the doctor, quick!"

It was some time before the doctor reached my bedside. When he did he put his hand on my heart and kept it there a long while. Back of him were the members of the household and Mildred, who had been summoned. She and Ethel stood near each other, and I noticed the contrast in the expressions on their faces. Ethel's denoted intense grief, Mildred's something more like awe.

"Is he dead?" asked my housekeeper of the doctor.

No reply was given to the question. The doctor continued to peer at me and kept his hand on my heart. Presently he gave up looking for signs of life and, turning away, said regretfully:

"Yes; he has gone."

I had my eyes on the two girls before me and was watching to see how they took the announcement. A look of infinite pain, longing, despair, came over Ethel's features. Mildred burst into tears. And yet it struck me that they came from strained nerves, the presence of death, a solemn moment. She turned away with the others and left the room. Ethel was the last to pass out, and just before doing so she turned and looked at me. I shall never forget that look.

I lay in the same condition for some time. Preparations were making for the funeral. A man came in and stood looking at me curiously. I was filled with dread, for I knew what he was there for. He went away, and later the doctor came in with the housekeeper. He stood looking at me for awhile, then took my wrist in his hand, then put his hand on my heart. After that he asked the housekeeper to bring a hand mirror and, holding it under my nostrils for awhile, examined it carefully.

"Suspend everything for awhile," he said to the housekeeper. "It is possible that there is a faint life fluttering within him. But say nothing about this just now. I don't wish to excite any false hopes, especially in his betrothed."

"You're right, doctor—she's wrapped up in him. It's a sad blow to her. If he could only have been spared to enjoy this Christmas with her."

They went out of the room, and I was left alone for some time. Then an old friend of my mother's and a lady I had long known came in to have a look at me. Both stood silently beside me for a few minutes, then went to another part of the room, and I overheard this bit of conversation:

"This is very hard on poor Mildred, isn't it?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is."

"Why, don't you think it is a great blow to her?"

"She won't be rich, as she would have been had he lived to marry her. But you know Mildred's inclinations have always been for Malcolm Fairchild."

"I didn't know that."

"They were engaged when he took me, though he was not aware of it."

"I hadn't heard that."

"Malcolm has always been a pet of mine, and he confided his betrothal to me. He was heartbroken when he had to give her up."

"Didn't she love him?"

"I think she did; but, you see, he had nothing but his salary. No girl in her senses would give up a fortune for a salary that must be earned. An income from property is very different. It earns money while one is asleep."

"That's so, but girls are apt to be romantic, you know."

"Mildred is practical. I don't think she will ever die for love."

I wanted no girl for a wife who had given up some one she liked better. The dialogue continued for a few minutes later, and I heard every word.

"Ethel hasn't been treated right. She was taken in, given a home, brought up in a refined way, and provision should have been made for her."

"Oh, she'll be all right. There's a rich man ready to marry her the moment she says the word."

"Why hasn't she taken him before this?"

"Nobody knows."

I felt like putting in the words "except the dead," but I couldn't, and, besides, I wouldn't if I could.

The speakers fell to talking of the approaching Christmas festivities, mentioning how sad it would be for those in the house of mourning. I had no idea how long it would be till Christmas, but heard one of the ladies say to the other that it was "the day after tomorrow." Persons were continually coming into and going from the room in which I lay, and I heard some one say, speaking of the funeral, "Why are they so long about it, and why don't they have it over with before Christmas?"

I knew it was Christmas eve by the remarks of these persons. I was much depressed at the prospect of the holidays passing and I lying there like a log.

Then I began to wonder if by an effort of the will I might not pull myself out of my peculiar condition. I have always been a great believer of the power of mind over matter, and it occurred to me that if I could bring myself to believe that I could throw off my paralysis I would be able to do so. Of course my condition troubled me indeed. I was in danger of being buried alive. I determined to make an effort of the will to regain an active condition.

I commenced on Christmas eve by driving all thought or fear of interment out of my mind. After awhile I began to think that I could move my muscles, though I didn't try. I fell asleep feeling less troubled and awoke in the morning refreshed as I had not felt since I had lost muscular power. I remembered that it was Christmas morning, and I was still apparently a corpse.

The door opened, and Ethel entered. Casting a glance at the sunlight coming through a window, she moaned:

"Oh, what a Christmas—the brighter without, the darker within!"

She came to the bed and stood looking down upon me. She did not speak, but I could interpret her thoughts from her expression. She looked at my cheek and seemed surprised. I wondered if she did not see a tinge of color in it. She started for the door as though to call some one, then stopped, hesitated and came back to me. Kneeling beside me, she took my hand. She must have felt some warmth in it, for she began to rub it. I felt a current, a nerve current, a current of life passing from the hand that held mine and coursing up through my arm to my heart. For the first time since I had been stricken I had power. My hand began to tighten on hers.

She gave a low cry, but I did not know if it sprang from joy or fright. She made as if to rise, I suppose to call others, but I held her. Then I made an effort to speak, but could only whisper:

"Put your arms about me."

She did so.

"Lay your cheek against mine."

This, too, she did. I felt the life coming back to me. I made no effort for awhile, permitting the vigor I was drawing to accumulate. Then I spoke again.

"Dear heart, the life you have recalled is a gift to you on this blessed Christmas morning."

The flood of hope, joy, love, that welled up in her rushed to me and spread itself through my being. Within a few minutes more I could move any muscle I chose. And I was there, on Christmas day, restored, with the girl whom I knew loved me and for whom there had been born in my heart an equal passion.

Mildred married the man whom she had discarded for me—or, rather, for a fortune. If that fortune had been vested in me to do with as I liked I would have settled a part of it on her. I came back from the dead on Christmas morning, and on the next Christmas morning one fleet child came to Ethel and me from out the great ocean of life.

AMERICAN JUDICIAL PROCEDURE.

It is no exaggeration to say that the judicial procedure of the United States is now on trial before the bar of the public opinion of the country and even of the civilized world. This public arraignment of our judicial procedure has appeared not only in our state and American bar associations, but in the popular press, and this public arraignment has been voiced by the president of the United States, himself an experienced jurist, who has declared that the most conspicuous failure of our American civilization is in the administration of justice, both civil and criminal. If it were possible to put into ten words the chief causes of the delay and uncertainty in our judicial administration I would say "complex procedure, inadequate judiciary, procrastination, retrials, unreasonable appeals and uncertain law." The true remedy is that which is now being pursued by the supreme court of the United States in the reformation of the equity procedure of the federal courts, and that lies in the repeal of all statutory rules of procedure and in leaving the details to be controlled by the judges under rules of the court, made from time to time, as occasion requires. This is the reform which has practically worked a revolution in the judicial procedure of England, which has removed questions of practice from their appellate courts, and this is the reform which is now being urged for adoption in many of the states by the local bar associations.—Frederick N. Judson.

OBEDIENCE.

Now, these are the laws of the jungle, and many and mighty are they.
But the head and the hoof of the law and the haunch and the hump
Is—obey.
—Kipling.

PROSPERITY.

One hundred millions of people, ninety millions between the oceans and ten millions in our ocean dependencies, constitute our population, and today right in the harvest time we are garnering crops that make possible the greatest prosperity that ever faced this country, and we are today where every man and every woman can have work if they will, when wages are the highest and the individual happiness of every one average higher than ever before.

I dwell on that fact because this is the fiftieth anniversary of a year as different in respect of the happiness of our people and of the prospect before them as day is from night. Fifty years ago we were in the throes of rebellion the like of which had never been seen in the world before and I hope may never be seen in the world again.—William Howard Taft.

THE BALLOT.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God.
—John Pierpont.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

Will.

Everything in this world depends upon will.—Diemath.

Mirth.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God.—Beecher.

Endurance.

There is something sublime in calm endurance.—Longfellow.

Kindness.

The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children.—Anon.

Knowledge.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

Habit.

The adamantine chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—Samuel Johnson.

Duty.

As soon as we have seen our plain duty in each thing that presents itself let us confine ourselves to that and withdraw ourselves from everything else.—Fenelon.

IDEA.

No truth is more certain, more independent, of all others and less in need of proof than this—that all that exists for knowledge, and therefore this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver—in a word, idea. This is obviously true of the past and the future as well as of the present, of what is farthest off as of what is near, for it is true of time and space themselves, in which alone these distinctions arise. All that in any way belongs or can belong to the world is inevitably thus conditioned through the subject and exists only for the subject. The world is idea.—Arthur Schopenhauer.

CHARACTER.

The sun set, but set not his hope.
Stars rose, his faith was earlier up
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the age of gold again.
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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